THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE. {

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. | PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1850. | WHOLE NO. 1511.

Choice Poetry.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.
TO A MOTHER.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE."

His languid eyes are closing,
On the pale, placid cheek,
The lashes dark reposing,
So wearily, so weak.
He gasps with failing breath,
A faint and feeble strife with death;
A fainter and fainter still—'tis past,
That one soft sigh—the last.

Thy watching and thy fearing,
Mother, is over now;
The seal of death is bearing,
That pale, but angel brow.
And now in the deep calm
That follows days of wild alarm,
Thy heart sinks down, and weeps, and weeps,
O'er him who silent sleeps.

Oh, Mother, hush thy crying,
The [illegible] of life is o'er,
E'en now his wings are flying
Unto a happy shore;
Those wings of stainless white
Unfolded ne'er to earthly sight,
He spreads them now, they bear him high,
Unto the angel company.

From sight of evil shrinking,
From thought of grief like thine,
At the first summons sinking
Into the arms divine.
Oh! thou who knowest life,
Temptation, trial, toil and strife,
Wilt thou not still [illegible] aching breast,
To bless his early rest?

Pictures of Life.

THE MIDNIGHT SURPRISE.

A STORY OF THE HUNGARIAN WAR.

The clock of the little town of Gonyo had just sounded midnight. At this moment a young Austrian officer, sheltered behind the parapet of a long terrace which skirted the castle garden, seemed plunged in a depth of thought unusual for the military man to indulge in; though it must be confessed that the situation and the hour were strongly provocative of contemplation.

The beautiful sky of Hungary stretched its azure dome above his head. The sparkling of the stars, and the mellow light of the moon, revealed the outlines of a delicious valley which stretched far away as the eye could reach.—About a hundred yards beneath him lay the quiet town of Gonyo, at the foot of the rock on the summit of which the castle was built. Far along the valley rolled the broad Danube, its winding waters reflecting here and there the moon's silver light. The castle was lit up. The glad sounds of dancing, music, and mirth, reached the young officer's ear, mingled with the ripple of the river as it washed along the Northern base of the castle rock.

The castle belonged to an old Hungarian noble, who now lived there with all his family. The flames of civil war had for some time ravaged this extensive country towards the East; Kossuth and his compatriots had rolled back the tide towards the frontiers of the Austrian Archduchy, until on the approach of the immense allied forces of Russia and Austria, Gorgey and Dembinski had retired again towards the heart of their wild land, fighting their way desperately, and leaving Klapka with a strong force in the impregnable castle of Komorn. The entire country in the neighborhood was now occupied by the Austrian troops, a detachment of which was posted in the town of Gonyo, over which our young officer was the chief in command. News had that day arrived in the castle, unknown to the Austrians—for the whole population detested them—of a brilliant victory won by the Hungarian army in the East over the Russian army of Luders, and the garrison of Komorn had made another brilliant and successful sally, inflicting tremendous loss on their adversaries. A new hope sprung up in Hungarian bosoms, and the "dear old country" seemed still destined to survive as an independent state. The old Count Pfalsky was one of those Hungarian nobles who had not yet openly declared himself, but he was strongly suspected by the Austrian Government, and it was thought that he only "bided his time."

Such was the period at which the castle ball was held. During the whole of the evening in question, the eldest of the noble daughters of the family had regarded the young Austrian officer with an interest full of such marked sadness, that the sentiment of pity expressed by the maiden might well excite that reverie in which we have found him plunged. Liese was beautiful, and though she had three brothers and a sister, the possessions of the Count Pfalsky were sufficiently large to afford a rich dowry to Ludwig Richter. But how dared he to hope that the daughter of this old Count, so full as he was of all the pride of the Hungarian noble, could ever condescend to bestow his daughter on an Austrian soldier!

The Austrians were hated: they were so, not merely as interlopers and intruders, but as the agents of a tyranny against which all Hungary was in arms, and whose object it was to crush the independence and ancient liberties of their cherished country. Kossuth's energetic proclamations had fired the general bosom, and there were few homes throughout the wide extent of Hungary, in which his patriotic utterances had not met with an ardent response. The district in this neighborhood was very unsettled, and a general rising of the Hungarian population lying along the Western frontier of Hungary might suddenly take place, by which the Austrian capital would be placed in serious jeopardy. Richter had accordingly been cantoned at Gonyo, to watch the neighborhood, with a strong body of Austrian troops. His orders were to be wakeful and vigilant, and despite the manifest interest which the young Hungarian beauty displayed in himself and his soldiers, the young officer kept himself constantly on the alert.

Walking along the terrace, and turning his eyes towards the quiet town and the surrounding country bathed in sleep, he puzzled himself by endeavoring to account for the friendship which the Count himself had seemed to display for him, and also for the anxious directions which he had that day received from the commanding officer of the district, urging him to increased watchfulness and discipline; when, in a moment, his thoughts were dispelled, and all his curiosity was aroused by the sudden appearance of an immense number of lights in the town beneath him.—True, this was the eve of the festival of the patron saint of the place; but strict orders had been given, that every morning, that the fires were only to be lighted at the usual hour, according to rule. The castle alone had been excepted. He saw the gleaming bayonets of his sentries at their appointed posts; but the silence was fearful, and there was no sound to indicate that the Hungarian townsfolk were giving themselves up to the usual jollity and festivity of their annual fete.

In vain he endeavored to account for this infraction of orders by the townspeople, and he hastened to the quarters of his men to ascertain that all was right. He sprung through a breach in the wall, in order to descend the rock, and reach the nearest picquet by the shortest route, when he fancied he heard the light steps of a female treading the gravel walk above him. He looked round, but saw nothing. Turning his eyes in the direction of the river, he was struck by the sight that presented itself. A little fleet of boats had crossed from the opposite bank, and were fast approaching the landing-place.

A hoarse voice behind him whispered his name from the breach through which he had just passed, and on looking up he recognized the soldier who had accompanied him to the castle.

"Is it you, Herr Captain?" asked the soldier.

"Yes. Well!" said the young officer, in a low voice, for his mind was now thoroughly roused to a sense of danger, and the necessity of acting with caution.

"Those beggars there are stirring about like so many maggots! I have run to tell you what I have seen."

"Say on!" replied Richter.

"I have just followed a man out of the castle, who came hereabouts with a lantern in his hand. A lantern is terrible suspicious, and I didn't see how this Christian could need to light his tapers at this time of night. They would eat us if they could, said I to myself; and so I put myself on his track. And what do you think, Herr Captain? here have I just discovered, three paces off, in a corner of the rocks, a certain pile of faggots——"

A terrible cry rose up from the town, and interrupted the soldier. A sudden flash at the same moment gleamed before the eyes of the commandant. The poor grenadier at that instant received a bullet in his brain, and fell dead. A bundle of straw and faggots suddenly blazed up, not more than ten paces from where the young man stood. The sound of instruments and laughter at once ceased in the ball room. The silence of death, broken by a few occasional groans, suddenly succeeded the fete. A cold sweat broke upon the young officer. He was without his sword. He comprehended at once that his soldiers were all butchered. He saw himself dishonored, and he lived! He fancied himself brought before a court-martial; and then he glanced again into the depths of the valley. He was rushing forward, when the hand of Liese grasped his.

"Fly!" she said, "my brothers follow me. At the base of the rocks you will find a swift horse. Go!"

She pushed him away. The young man, stupefied, regarded her for one moment; then, obedient to the strong instinct of self preservation, which, in times of even the greatest peril, the brave man never loses, he fled in the direction pointed out, clambered down rocks, which until then perhaps, only goats had scaled. He heard the low cries of his pursuers close behind him, and the whistling of the bullets fired at him as he leaped from rock to rock; but he reached the valley in safety, found the horse, mounted, and disappeared with the rapidity of lightning.

In less than an hour he reached Raab, the head quarters of the division, and at once presented himself to General Beckstein, the commanding officer. He was admitted, and at once related the details of his horrible adventure.

An hour after, a whole regiment, accompanied by a strong cavalry detachment, and a convoy of artillery, were *en route* for Gonyo. The General himself marched at the head of the column. He was a man well known in the war of the Hungarian revolution for his relentless cruelty. The soldiers had been informed of the supposed massacre of their comrades by the Hungarian towns-people, and were eager to support him in any act of vengeance. The road was quickly traversed. All along the line of march, numerous villages were found hastily assembling in arms. Their houses were fired, and the incipient rebels were shot and sabred on the spot without mercy.

By some singular mishap, the invasion of the town by the fleet of boats from the opposite bank of the river, had been abandoned. Some alarm had arisen among those on board, and the sounds of firing in the town were supposed to proceed from the sudden and unforeseen approach of a strong body of Austrian troops. They feared they might be cut off to a man, by some ambush lying in wait for them along the banks of the river. From some such cause of alarm, the boat's heads were turned down stream, and they soon disappeared in the darkness of the night. The town was therefore again taken possession of by the Austrian force, almost without resistance, for the towns-people were very imperfectly armed, and the greater part of the adult population was with the revolutionary army. Summary vengeance was of course inflicted upon those who were taken with arms in their hands. They were tried by drum-head court-martial, and shot in the market-place. Having encamped a large body of his men in the open square, the General then proceeded with the remainder to the castle, and took military possession of it. All the members of the family were at once seized, bound with cords, and placed under a guard. In the meantime, the General ordered a repast to be prepared, and proceeded to consult with his Major as to the manner in which the castle prisoners (the leaders in this futile insurrection) were to be despatched. The result of their short deliberations was, that the hangman was ordered up!

Taking advantage of the time that elapsed before the serving of the repast, Ludwig Richter went to see the prisoners. He shortly returned into the presence of the General.

"I come," said he, in a subdued voice, "to ask for mercy"—

"*You*!" replied the General, in a tone of bitter irony.

"Alas!" said Ludwig, "it is but a poor mercy. The old Count, having seen the gibbet erecting, hopes that you will change the method of execution. He entreats, that as nobles, they may be beheaded."

"Well, be it so!" said the General; and it was an act of mercy from him, for he was not always so yielding.

"They ask further, that they may be allowed the last consolations of religion, and that they may be freed from their chains. They promise not to attempt to escape"——

"I consent," replied the General; "but remember, you are answerable for them!"

"The old man offers you his entire fortune, if you will but pardon his youngest son."

"Indeed!" said the General; "but all his estates are already confiscated to the Emperor—" He stopped. A thought of some sublime act of cruelty passed across his features, and he added—"I will even more than comply with their wishes. I see the importance of this last request. Well! That he may secure eternal fame, and that Hungary may forever remember her treason and her punishment,—I give all the Count's property, with a free pardon, to that son who will perform the part of executioner upon the rest. Go! not another word!"

Ludwig was overwhelmed with horror.

Refreshment were served, and all the officers sat down to satisfy an appetite whetted by exercise and fasting. Only Ludwig was absent. After hesitating some time, he entered the room where the proud Pfalskys were trembling in suspense. He cast a sad look on the scene which presented itself in the hall, where only the last night he had seen circling round in the mazes of the fascinating waltz, the jewelled and beautiful heads of those two young girls and their three brothers. He shuddered to think that in a short while they would roll in the dust, severed by the executioner's axe. The father and the mother, the three young men, and the two girls, were bound to gilded elbow-chairs, and sat there motionless. Eight serving-men were standing near, their hands tied behind their backs. A strong guard of soldiers, with loaded muskets, watched every action of the prisoners.

A movement of curiosity stirred the group when Ludwig made his appearance. He gave orders that the prisoners should be unbounded, and he himself unloosed the ropes which tied Liese to her chair. She smiled sadly. The young officer could scarcely help glancing at the beautiful sculpturesque arms of the young lady. He admired her floating black hair, her elastic, handsome figure—for she was a true Magyar, with the clear Hungarian tint, rather brunette (as we call it,) with long, black eye-lashes, and a pupil blacker than the raven's wing.

"Have you succeeded?" she falteringly asked of the young officer.

Ludwig could scarcely speak. He glanced from her to the other members of the family. The eldest brother, Stanislaus, looked about thirty years old; he was small in size, not well made, of proud and disdainful air, but not without a certain nobility of manner, such as distinguishes the higher order of Hungarian nobility. The second, Maximus, was almost twenty; he strongly resembled Liese. The youngest son, Wentzel, about eight years old. He was a beautiful, well-formed boy, with an air of Roman constancy and bravery, such as painters have delighted to embody in their most famous works.

At sight of him, the young officer sunk his head, despairing of hope that any of these would dare to execute the commission of the General. He ventured, however, to whisper the nature of his message to Liese. She shivered at first, but she soon resumed her collected manner, and calmly walked up to her father's chair, and knelt at his feet.

"Oh!" said she, earnestly, "make Stanislaus swear that he will faithfully obey the orders which you give him. We shall be satisfied."

The old mother trembled with hope; but when drawing nigh to her husband, she heard the horrible revelation of her daughter, she at once swooned away.

Stanislaus soon learned all, and he fumed like a lion in his cage.

Ludwig took upon him to dismiss the soldiers, after having obtained from the Count an assurance of his perfect submission. The domestics were taken away, one by one, and hanged.

When all had gone except the family and Ludwig, the father rose up—

"Stanislaus!" said he.

Stanislaus, understanding the meaning of his father, replied only by an inclination of his head, tantamount to a refusal. He fell back in his chair, and looked at his parents with a fixed and terrible look.

Liese sat herself down at his knees, and spoke to him in a cheerful manner:

"My dear Stanislaus," said she, passing her arms around him, and kissing his cheek, "you do not know how sweet death would be to me, inflicted by thee. I would not for worlds be given over to the horrid handling of the executioner. Thou wilt surely spare me those horrors—. You *will*, then, my kind Stanislaus?"

"Take courage," next said his brother Maximus, "otherwise the family of the Pfalskys is extinct."

Liese raised herself, and the group which had formed itself round Stanislaus made way for the old father himself, who now came forward—

"Stanislaus, I *command* you," he said, in a solemn and urgent voice.

The young Count remained unmoved: his father fell on his knees before him; involuntarily, Liese, Maximus, and the little Wentzel, imitated his example, and all stretching their hands towards Stanislaus, implored him to rescue the family from utter ruin and oblivion.

"My son, are you wanting in the devotion and bravery of the true Magyar? Wouldst thou see me at thy knees? And is it thy duty at such a time to think of *thy* feelings and sufferings?"

"Is this my son, madam?" the old man added, turning to the Countess.

"*He consents!*" cried the mother, in despair, for she caught the inclination of the brow, implying consent, which Stanislaus had just made.

At this moment the Captain of the Castle entered. He was soon surrounded by all the family. They led Stanislaus towards him. Ludwig, unable any longer to bear this trying scene, hastened to the General, to venture a last effort to save the family. He found him in capital humor, in the midst of high festivity, drinking delicious wine with his officers, who seemed already considerably under its influence.

An hour after, a hundred of the principal inhabitants of the town were arranged on the terrace, by the order of the General, to witness the execution of the family of the Pfalskys. A detachment of Austrian infantry was drawn up to hold the inhabitants in check, in case of any outbreak; and they stood almost under the gallows on which the domestics of the castle had just been suspended, their bayonet-points almost touching the feet of these martyrs. Thirty paces off there was placed a block, beside which stood the executioner, in case Stanislaus should shrink from his task.

The Hungarians soon heard, through the profound stillness of the scene, the steps of many persons approaching, and the measured tramp of a picquet of soldiers. Mingled with these sounds were heard the joyous laughter of the officers carousing over their wine, the windows of the room in which they sat being open to the terrace.

The noble family advanced with an air of stoical firmness. Their countenances were calm and serene. One man only, pale and haggard, leant heavily upon the priest, who poured forth all the consolations of religion on this person—the only member of the family who was not to die. The executioner understood at a glance that Stanislaus had taken his place for the day. The old Count and his wife, Liese and her younger sister, with their two brothers, came and knelt down a few steps from the fatal spot.—Stanislaus was led forward by the priest. When he arrived at the block, the executioner, taking his hand, drew him on one side, perhaps to give him some necessary instructions.

The confessor placed the victims in such a position, that they should not witness the sad spectacle. But they were true Magyars; they stood up without shrinking.

Liese first approached her brother.

"Stanislaus," said she, "have pity on my want of courage; begin with me."

At this moment, the hasty steps of some one approaching were heard, and Ludwig rushed forward. Liese had already knelt, and her white neck waited the stroke of the scimitar.

"The General," he cried, "offers thee life on condition that thou marry me."

Every feature of the young Magyar lady looked scorn and pride at the proposal, and her only reply was—

"Come, Stanislaus!"

Her head rolled at Ludwig's feet, and the old Count could not suppress a brief convulsive groan, on hearing the heavy fall of the scimitar. But this was the only sign of grief.

"Pray heaven my fate be as happy as hers, my good Stanislaus!" said the little Wentzel to his brother.

"Ah, thou weepest, Mathilde!" said Stanislaus to his surviving sister.

"Yes, yes!" replied the girl. "I think of you my poor Stanislaus; how miserable thou wilt be without us!"

Now the proud figure of the old Count advanced. He glanced at the blood of his children, and turning his pallid face toward the mute and horror-struck spectators, he stretched his raised hands towards Stanislaus, and said, in a firm voice—

"Magyars! I give to my son my paternal benediction! May it ever attend him! And God bless the old country!"

"Now, Count," said he, turning to his son, "strike without fear, as thou art without reproach!"

But when Stanislaus's mother drew near, almost borne in the arms of the confessor—

"*She has nursed me!*" he shrieked, and his voice drew a loud cry of horror from the spectators. Even the noise of the festival and the loud laughter of the officers were suddenly suspended by the frightful sound.

The Countess, seeing that the courage of Stanislaus had at last forsaken him, leaped upon the balustrade, and in an instant precipitated herself upon the rocks a hundred yards beneath. A cry of admiration broke forth. Stanislaus had swooned.

"My General," said an officer, half drunk, "Ludwig has been telling me something about this execution here. I bet that you haven't ordered—"

"Do you forget, sir," said the General, "that within a month many hundreds of Austrian families will be in tears, and that we are in Hungary? Would you have us leave our bones here?"

After this outburst not one was observed to raise his glass again—not even a sub-lieutenant.

The melancholy which pursued the miserable Stanislaus may well be imagined. He lives the life of a solitary, is never seen, and longs to die, to rejoin the members of his family, by whose spirits he fancies himself to be haunted.

Selected Sketch.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

"I am going round by Broad Street, to inquire of Ross, the Glover, about little Lucy Wendell."

"Lucy Wendell—who is she?"

"She is a pretty little Dutch girl, who lived opposite me, in that little bit of a dwelling, that looks like a crack or seam between the two houses on each side of it. She lived with her grand-parents, natives of this city, and once proprietors of many a lot within it; but they had been outwitted, and outbargained, till they were reduced to this little tenement, some twenty feet by fifteen. Their only surviving descendant, was my little friend Lucy, a pretty, fair-skinned, fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, of a most modest, quiet and engaging demeanor. For many months after we moved to State Street, I knew nothing of the family; but from such observations as my eye could take, neatness was the ruling passion of the household. Their only servant, Minerva—the Goddess of Wisdom should have known better—used to scrub the house weekly from garret to cellar; their only carpet was shaken every Saturday, the steps were scoured daily, and I never in my life saw the old woman without a dusting cloth in her hand. Such a war of extermination did she carry on against the intruding particles, that my friend E—— used to say it must be hard for her to think of turning to dust.

"Lucy had no visitors—no companions; and the only indulgence of the old people, was sitting on the stoop every pleasant afternoon, according to the ancient Dutch custom. She never went out except on Sunday to church; then she reminded me of one of those bright, pretty flowers that hang upon the cragged, bare stems of the cactus. I pitied her; her spring of life seemed passing away so drearily. My pity was misapplied; and I felt it to be so when I looked into her sweet countenance, and saw there the impress of that happiness which certainly flows from duties religiously performed. It is a great matter, Grace, to have your desires bounded within your station; to be satisfied with the quiet, unnoticed performance of duties which Providence has allotted to you, and not to waste your efforts, or strength, in seeking to do good, or to obtain any pleasure beyond your sphere.—This is true wisdom, and this was Lucy Wendell's. At last there came to this obscure dwelling what comes to all—death and its changes. The old man and his wife died within a few days of each other, of the influenza, that then raged in the city. The hope of serving the poor orphan induced me to go to the house; she received me gratefully, and as an old friend; for though we had never exchanged a word, yet there had been an interchange of kind looks and friendly nods, those little civilities that bind even strangers together. On inquiry into affairs, I found that she had been left almost penniless, but a kind and discreet friend had procured a place for her in Ross's glove factory. Lucy was skilled in all the arts and handicraft of the needle. Ross, it seems, is a very thriving tradesman; and, from the very warm recommendation which was given by Lucy's friend, he had promised to board her in his family, and allow her sufficient compensation for her labor.

"In a few days she removed to her new home. It is now fifteen months since she left our street. She came once to tell me that she was perfectly satisfied with her place, and since then I have heard nothing of her. Do not look so reprovingly, my lady mentor; I have been intending to call at Mr. Ross's to make inquiries about her. My story has brought us to the shop—'John Ross, Glove Manufacturer.' This must be the place. Stop, one moment, Grace, and look through the window; that man, no doubt, is Ross himself. What a fine head! You might know such a man would succeed in the world, let his lot be what it would. He would have made a resolute general, a safe statesman, but here he is, an honest, thriving glover, and that, perhaps, is just as good. Nothing truer than the trite old couplet—

'Honor and shame from no condition rise.
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.'

"The old man looks as if he might be a little tyrannical, though Heaven grant that poor Lucy may not have suffered from that trait in his physiognomy.

"The only customer is coming out; now we shall have a clear field—let us go in."

"Mr. Ross, I believe?"

"The same, ma'am."

"I came, Mr. Ross, to inquire after a young woman who came to live with you last Christmas."

"I have had a great many young women living with me, ma'am."

The old man's humor requires me to be explicit.

"Her name, Mr. Ross, was Lucy Wendell."

"Ay, Lucy Wendell did come into the factory about that time."

There was an expression in Ross's face at the mention of her name, that might betide evil of Lucy.

"I merely wished to know, Mr. Ross, whether Lucy had given satisfaction, and whether she still remained with you?"

"Were you a friend to Lucy Wendell, ma'am?"

"I should think it an honor to call myself so, but I could hardly claim that name. She was my neighbor, and interested me by her correct deportment, and uncommon dutifulness to her old parents."

Ross made no reply, but fumbled over some gloves that were on the counter, then tied up the bundle and laid it on the shelf.

"You seem, Mr. Ross, disposed not to answer my question. I am afraid some accident has happened to the poor girl."

"Would you like to know, ma'am, what happened to her?"

He leaned his elbow on his desk, and seemed about to begin a story.

"Certainly I would."

"Well, you know when Lucy Wendell came to me, she was a little demure thing—not a beauty, but so comely, and so tiny, that she was a pretty resting-place for the eye of old or young. She was as great a contrast to the other girls in the work-shop, as white is to black. She just sat quiet in one corner and minded her work, and took no part in their gabbling. You know what a parcel of girls are, ma'am, digging away from morning till night, like forty thousand chimney swallows. Lucy was very different; she made herself neat and tidy in the morning, and did not lose half-an-hour at noon, when the 'prentice boys were coming to dinner, twitching out curl papers, and furbelowing her hair. The boys and girls used to make jokes about her, and call her the little parson; but she only preached in her actions, and that is what I call practical preaching, ma'am; she was a little master workman at her needle. I never had a match for her since I began business; but (you know there is always a *but* in this life) she gave me great offence. She crossed me where I could least bear to be crossed."

"Not intentionally, I am sure, Mr. Ross."

"You shall hear, ma'am. I have an only son, John Ross, a fine, fresh-looking, good-natured, industrious lad. I set my heart on his marrying his cousin Amy Bruce. She is the daughter of my youngest sister, and had a pretty fortune in hand, enough to set John up in any business he fancied. There was no reason in the world why he should not like Amy. I had kept my wishes to myself, because I know that young folks' love is like an unbroken colt, that will not spur nor bit. I never mistrusted that anything was going wrong, till one day I heard the girls making a great wonderment about a canary bird that they found when they went in the morning into the workshop, in a cage hanging over Lucy's seat; and then I remembered that John had asked for five dollars the day before, and when I asked what he wanted it for, he looked sheepish, and made no answer. I thought it prudent, before matters went any further, to tell John my wishes, ma'am. I have taken care, for the most, that they should be reasonable. I am a little wilful, I own it, but it's young folks' business to mind; and 'children obey your parents,' is the law both of Scripture and nature. So I told John, I did not hint any suspicions about Lucy, but I told him this marriage with his cousin he could have no objection to, what I had long set my heart upon, and what he must set about without delay on peril of my displeasure. He was silent, and looked downcast; but he saw that I was determined, and I saw a light in the workshop after the usual time; I went to inquire into it. I had my slippers, and my step made little or no sound. The upper part of the door was set with glass. I saw Lucy finishing a pair of gloves, my son was standing by her. It appears they were for him, and he insisted upon her trying them on his hand. Hers, poor thing, seemed to tremble. The glove would not go on, but it came off, and their hands met without gloves, and a nice fit they were. I burst in upon them. I asked John if this was his obedience to me, and I told Lucy to quit my service immediately.

"Now the whole matter is passed, I must do John the justice to say he stood by her like a man. He had given his heart and promised his hand to Lucy, and she owned she loved him—him who was not worthy of her love. He said, too, something of my being a kind father, and a kind man; and he would not believe that the first of my doing wrong would be to the orphan girl whom Providence had placed under my roof. Ma'am, you wonder that I had hardened my heart to all this, but you know that anger is a short madness, and it is, and, besides, there is nothing makes us deaf to reason and true feeling, as the strong sense we are wilfully doing. I was harsh, and John lost his temper, and poor Lucy cried and was too frightened to speak; it ended by my telling Lucy she must not stay another day in my house, and John, if he did not obey me, my curse should be upon him.

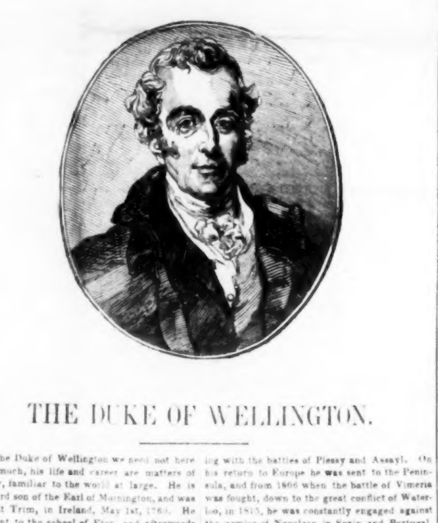
"The next morning, they had both cleared out; and everybody thought they had gone off to get married, and so I believed, till at night, when John came in, and, like a distracted man, said he had been all day seeking Lucy in vain; that the only friend she had in the city knew nothing of her; and when I answered, 'So much the better,' he accused me of cruelty, and then followed high words, such as never should pass between father and son; and it ended in my turning him from my door. I do not wonder you turn away, but hear me.

"Saturday night, three days after, John came home an altered man. He was as humble as he only had been wrong. He begged pardon, and promised to obey me in all things but marrying Amy Bruce. 'I give up Lucy, father,' said he, 'but I cannot marry anybody else.' I forgave him, from the bottom of my heart I forgave him, and I longed to ask him to forgive me—but I have not come to that yet. I asked him what had brought him back to duty. He put into my hands a letter he had received from Lucy. She had persevered in not seeing him—but such a letter, ladies! If ministers could speak directly to the heart, there would be no sin in the world. She said she knew she had deserved to suffer for carrying matters so far without my knowledge. She spoke of me as the kindest of fathers, and the kindest of masters. Then she said she should never have any peace of mind till she heard we were reconciled; and told him it would be in vain for him to seek her, for she had solemnly resolved never to see him again. The paper was blistered with tears, from top to bottom; but saying and excepting that, ma'am, there was nothing from which you could guess what it cost her to write the letter.

"I could not stand it; my heart melted within me; I found her that very night, and without loss of time, brought her back home, and then," added he, walking hastily to the farther end of the shop, and throwing open the door that led into a back parlor, "there, ma'am, is the long and short of it." And there was one of the most touching scenes of human life. My pretty, dutiful friend became a wife and mother; her infant in her arms, and her husband sitting beside her, watching the intimations of intelligence and love in its bright little face. Such should be the summer of happiness when the spring is consecrated to virtue.

☞ THE ONLY TOLERABLE FORM OF SLAVERY.—That where one woman holds captive one man—in which the victim not only hugs his chain, but the little tyrant that rivets it.

Our Portrait Gallery.



THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Of the Duke of Wellington we need not here write much, his life and career are matters of history, familiar to the world at large. He is the third son of the Earl of Mornington, and was born at Trim, in Ireland, May 1st, 1769. He was sent to the school of Eton, and afterwards to the Military Academy of Angiers, France. His first active service was in the unfortunate campaign of the Duke of York, in Flanders in 1794. In 1797 he accompanied his brother, the Marquis of Wellesley, to India, and was there actively employed against Sikpoo Sultan, beginning with the taking of Seringapatam, and ending with the battles of Plessy and Assayl. On his return to Europe he was sent to the Peninsula, and from 1806 when the battle of Vimeria was fought, down to the great conflict of Waterloo, in 1815, he was constantly engaged against the armies of Napoleon in Spain and Portugal, commanded in turn by the ablest of his generals and marshals. From the peace of 1815 until the present time, the name of the Duke of Wellington has been intimately connected with the British Government. He is now 81 years of age, but still transacts business with the accuracy and punctuality of his youth.

Selected Poetry.

FROM THE LADIES' COMPANION.

'TIS BETTER NOT TO KNOW.
SONG.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

You say you love me—can I trust
That she, by many wooed,
By me, at length, has had her heart
To constancy subdued?
Perchance some other love is there—
But do not tell me so—
Since knowledge would but bring me grief,
'Tis better not to know.

Perchance that eye has beamed with love
In days I knew not thee.
That ruby lip hath bent in smiles
For others than for me;
But let that lip, still, silence keep,
I'll trust its love-like show
Since knowledge would but bring me grief,
'Tis better not to know.

Oh! what a simple fondness mine—
Whose wishes make its creed;
But let me *think* you love me still,
And I'll be blest indeed!
'Tis better that the eye ne'er see,
Than that its tears should flow —
When knowledge would but bring us grief,
'Tis better not to know.

GLOBES,
AND HOW THEY ARE MADE

FROM "HOUSEHOLD WORDS."

A globe is not made of "a ball turned out of a piece of wood." If a solid ball of large dimensions were so turned, it would be too heavy for ordinary use. Erasmus said of the books of Thomas Aquinas, "No man can carry it about, much less get it into his head;" and so would it be said of a solid globe. If it were made of hollow wood, it would warp and split at the junction of its parts. A globe is made of paper and plaster. It is a beautiful combination of solidity and lightness. It is perfectly balanced upon its axis. It retains its form under every variety of temperature. Time affects it less than most other works of art. It is as durable as a Scagliola column.

A globe may not, at first sight, appear a cheap production. It is not of necessity, a low-priced production, and yet it is essentially cheap; for nearly all the principles of manufacture that are conditions of cheapness are exhibited in the various stages of its construction. There are only four globe-makers in England, and one in Scotland. The annual sales of globes is only about a thousand pair. The price of a pair of globes varies from six shillings to fifty pounds. But from the smallest 2-inch, to the largest 36-inch globe, a systematic process is carried on at every step of its formation. We select this illustration of cheapness as a contrast, in relation to price and extent of demand, to the lucifer match. But it is, at the same time, a parallel in principle. If a globe were not made upon a principle involving the scientific combination of skilled labor, it would be a mere article of luxury from its excessive costliness.—It is now a most useful instrument in education. For educational purposes the most inexpensive globe is as valuable as that of the highest price. All that properly belongs to the excellence of the instrument is found in combination with the commonest stained wood frame, as perfectly as with the most highly-finished frame of rose-wood or mahogany.

The mould, if we may so express it, of a globe is turned out of a piece of wood. This sphere need not be mathematically accurate.—It is for rough work, and flaws and cracks are of little consequence. This wooden ball has an axis, a piece of iron wire at each pole. And here we may remark, that, at every stage of the process, the revolution of a sphere upon its axis, under the hands of the workman, is the one great principle which renders every operation one of comparative ease and simplicity. The labor would be enormously multiplied if the same class of operations had to be performed upon a cube. The solid mould, then, of the embryo globe is placed on its axis in a wooden frame. In a very short time a boy will form a pasteboard globe upon its surface. He first covers it entirely with strips of strong paper, thoroughly wet, which are in a tub of water at his side. The slight inequalities produced by the overlapping of the strips are immaterial. The saturated paper is not suffered to dry; but is immediately covered over with a layer of pasted paper, also cut in long narrow slips. A third layer of similarly pasted paper—brown paper and white being used alternately—is applied; and then, a fourth, a fifth and a sixth. Here the pasting process ends for globes of moderate size. For the large ones it is carried farther. This wet pasteboard ball has now to be dried—placed upon its axis in a rack. If we were determined to follow the progress of this individual ball through all its stages, we should have to wait a fortnight before it advanced another step. But as the large factory of Messrs. Malby & Son has many scores of globes all rolling onward to perfection, we shall be quite satisfied to witness the next operation performed upon a pasteboard sphere that began to exist some weeks earlier, and is now hard to the core.

The wooden ball, with its solid paper covering, is placed on its axis. A sharp cutting instrument, fixed on a bench, is brought into contact with the surface of the sphere, which is made to revolve. In less time than we write, the pasteboard ball is cut in half. There is no adhesion to the wooden mould, for the first coating of paper was simply *wetted*. Two bowls of thick card now lie before us, with a small hole in each, made by the axis of the wooden ball. But a junction is very soon effected.—Within every globe there is a piece of wood—we may liken it to a round ruler—of the exact length of the inner surface of the sphere from pole to pole. A thick wire runs through this wood, and originally projected some two or three inches at each end. This stick is placed upright in a vice. The semi globe is nailed to one end of the stick, upon which it rests, when the wire is passed through its centre. It is now reversed, and the edges of the card rapidly covered with glue. The edges of the other semi-globe are instantly brought into contact, the other end of the wire passing through its centre in the same way, and a similar nailing to the stick taking place. We have now a paper globe with its own axis, which will be its companion for the whole term of its existence.

The paper globe is next placed on its axis in a frame, of which one side is a semicircular piece of metal; the horizon of a globe cut in half would show its form. A tub of white composition—a compound of whiting, glue, and oil is on the bench. The workman dips his hands into "gruel thick and slab," and rapidly applies it to the paper sphere with tolerable evenness; but, as it revolves, the semi-circle of metal clears off the superfluous portions. The ball of paper is now a ball of plaster externally. Time again enters largely into the manufacture. The first coating must thoroughly dry before the next is applied; and so again till the process has been repeated four or five times. Thus, when we visit a globe work shop, we are at first surprised at the number of white balls, from three inches' diameter to three feet, which occupy a large space. They are all steadily advancing toward completion. They cannot be hurriedly dried.—The duration of their quiescent state must depend upon the degrees of the thermometer in the ordinary atmosphere. They cost little.—They consume nothing beyond a small amount of rent. As they advance to the dignity of perfect spheres, increased pains are taken in the application of the plaster. At last they are polished. Their surface is as hard and as fine as ivory. But, beautiful as they are, they may, like many other beautiful things, want a due equipoise. They must be perfectly balanced. They must move upon their poles with the utmost exactness. A few shot, let in here and there, correct all irregularities. And now the paper and plaster sphere is to be endued with intelligence.

What may be called the artistical portion of globe-making here commences. In the manufactory we are describing there are two classes of workers, who may take their rank as artists, but whose skill is limited, and at the same time perfected, by the uniformity of their operations.—One of these artists, a young woman, who has been familiar with the business from her earliest years, takes the polished globe in her lap, for the purpose of marking it with lines of direction for covering it with engraved strips, which will ultimately form a perfect map. The inspection of a finished globe will show that the larger divisions of longitude are expressed by lines drawn from pole to pole, and those of latitude by a series of concentric rings. The polished plaster has to be covered with similar lines.—These lines are struck with great rapidity, and with mathematical truth, by an instrument called a "beam compass," in the use of which this workwoman is most expert. The sphere is now ready for receiving the map, which is engraved in fourteen distinct pieces. The arctic and antarctic poles form two circular pieces, from which the lines of longitude radiate. These having been fitted and pasted, one of the remaining twelve pieces, containing 30°, is also pasted on the sphere, in the precise space where the lines of longitude have been previously marked, its lines of latitude corresponding in a similar manner. The paper upon which these portions of the earth's surface are engraved is thin and extremely tough. It is rubbed down with the greatest care, through all the stages of this pasting process. We have at length a globe covered with a plain map, so perfectly joined that every line and every letter fit together as if they had been engraved in one piece—which, of course, would be absolutely impossible for the purpose of covering a ball.

The artist who thus covers the globe, called a paster, is also a colorer. This is, of necessity, a work which cannot be carried on with any division of labor. It is not so with the coloring of an atlas. A map passes under many hands in the coloring. A series of children, each using one color, produce in combination a map colored in all parts, with the rapidity and precision of a machine. But a globe must be colored by one hand. It is curious to observe the colorer working without a pattern. By long experience the artist knows how the various boundaries are to be defined, with pink continents, and blue islands, and the green oceans, connecting the most distant regions. To a contemplative mind, how many thoughts must go along with the work, as he covers Europe with indications of populous cities, and has little to do with Africa and Australia but to mark the coast lines; as year after year he has to make some variation in the features of the great American continent, which indicates the march of the human family over once trackless deserts, while the memorable places of the ancient world undergo few changes but those of name. And then, as he is finishing a globe for the cabin of some "great ammirall," may he not think that, in some frozen nook of the Arctic Sea, the friendly Esquimaux may come to gaze upon his work, and seeing how petty a spot England is upon the ball, wonder what illimitable riches Nature spontaneously produces in that favored region, some of which is periodically scattered by her ships through those dreary climes in the search for some unknown road amidst everlasting icebergs, while he would gladly find a short track to the sunny South. And then, perhaps, higher thoughts may come into his mind; and as this toy of a world grows under his fingers, and as he twists it around upon its material axis, he may think of the great artificer of the universe, having the feeling, if not knowing the words of the poet—

"In ambient air this ponderous ball He hung."

Contemplative, or not, the colorer steadily pursues his uniform labor, and the sphere is at length fully colored.

The globe has now to be varnished with a preparation technically known as "white hard," to which some softening matter is added to prevent the varnish cracking. This is a secret which globe-makers preserve. Four coats of varnish complete the work.

And next the ball has to be mounted. We have already mentioned an instrument by which the brass meridian ring is accurately graduated; that is, marked with lines representing 360 degrees, with corresponding numerals. Of whatever size the ring is, an index-hand, connected with the graduating instrument, shows the exact spot where the degree is to be marked with a graver. The operation is comparatively rapid; but for the largest globes it involves considerable expense. After great trouble the ingenious men whose manufactory we are describing, have succeeded in producing cast-iron rings, with the degrees and figures perfectly distinct; and these applied to 36 inch globes, instead of the engraved meridians, make a difference of ten guineas in their price. For furniture they are not so beautiful; for use they are quite as valuable.—There is only one other process which requires great nicety. The axis of the globe revolves on the meridian ring, and of course it is absolutely necessary that the poles should be exactly parallel. This is effected by a little machine which drills each extremity at one and the same instant; and the operation is termed poleing the meridian.

The mounting of the globe—the completion of a pair of globes—is now handed over to the cabinet-maker. The cost of the material and the elaboration of its workmanship determine the price.

Before we conclude, we would say a few words as to the limited nature of the demand for globes. Our imperfect description of this manufacture will have shown that experience, and constant application of ingenuity have succeeded in reducing, to the lowest amount, the labor employed in the production of globes. The whole population of English globe-makers does not exceed thirty or forty men, women and boys. Globes are thus produced at the lowest rate of cheapness, as regards the number of laborers, and with very moderate profits to the manufacturer, on account of the smallness of his returns. The *durability* of globes is one great cause of the limitation of the demand. Changes of fashion, or caprices of taste, as to the mounting, new geographical discoveries, and modern information as to the position and nomenclature of the stars, may displace a few old globes, annually, which then find their way from brokers' shops into a class somewhat below that of their original purchasers. But the pair of globes generally maintain for years their original position in the school-room or the library. They are rarely injured, and suffer very slight decay. The new purchasers represent that portion of society which is seeking after knowledge, or desires to manifest some pretention to intellectual tastes. The number of globes annually sold, represents, to a certain extent, the advance of education. But if the labor saving expedients did not exist in the manufacture, the cost would be much higher, and the purchasers greatly reduced in number. The contrivances by which comparative cheapness is produced, arise out of the necessity of contending against the durability of the article by encouraging a new demand. If these did not exist, the supply would outrun the demand; the price of the article would less and less repay the labor expended in its production; the manufacture of globes would cease till the old globes were worn out, and the few rich and scientific purchasers had again raised up a market.

Selected Articles.

HUMAN NATURE.

There once lived in an obscure town in Massachusetts, an old Indian woman. Somehow or other the old woman had accumulated quite a desirable little property. Yet she was an Indian, and was treated with cool contempt by her neighbors. She had no seat in the social circle, received no attentions from those around her, occupied a back pew in the church, and down toward the grave she travelled, without friend or comforter.

Old Nance had but one relative living, that she knew of, and he a wild, graceless son. He was the terror of the village, and spent his time in anything but a respectable way. At last, the vagabond so worried the forbearance of his old mother, that in a hasty moment she resolved to disinherit and leave her money to the church.

Accordingly she started for the house of one of the deacons, and made a clean breast of her troubles, and acquainted him with her determination. The deacon grew from a cool to a very amiable mood as she proceeded, and at last, became profuse in his expressions of gratitude.

The will, through the agency of the deacon, was drawn, but the old lady feeling a little compunction, had a clause inserted which should make it void, provided the son should totally reform his habits. Secrecy was enjoined upon the deacon, who of course told nobody but his wife, who of course said nothing about it, save to two or three friends, who of course spread it all over the village in the space of one day.

But the change wrought in the situation of old Nance was miraculous. "Such a good old woman!" The nice bits from the best tables began the journey under neat napkins, to her humble abode. On a rainy Sabbath a carriage took her up at her door, and carried her to the church, where she was kindly favored with a front pew, near the speaker, and near the stove. Her praise was in every body's mouth, and her tottering form commanded respect every where. But she thrived remarkably under this treatment, and lived, and lived, and lived. In the meantime, the son was looked upon with more than usual distrust, and the poor widow was deeply commiserated on his disgraceful course.

Years passed away, and the kind attentions of friends were still continued to the widow, when at last old Nance slept the sleep that knows no waking. A large funeral, one of the largest ever seen in the village, attended her to her grave, in the quiet church yard. There were tears shed above her bier, and benisons breathed upon her memory.

The funeral was past. The deacon, the squire and a number of the village notables were gathered in her dwelling, and in one corner of the room sat the sad and taciturn son.

"Squire," said the deacon, "I believe there is a will."

"Yes, there is a will."

"Will you have the kindness to read it?"

The will was produced. All was silent. The will was read, in which all the widow's property was bequeathed to the church. Many an eye sought the face of the Prodigal Son, but saw no change in his stolid features.

When the reading was finished the son arose, and drawing a piece of paper from his pocket, inquired the date of "that ar will."

The date was stated, and handing the squire his paper, the portionless asked him to read it.

Alas! it was a will one day younger than the other. The fond mother in her weakness had told the son what she had done, and he managed to have a will drawn twenty-four hours after the previous one, in which he was the sole legatee.

The assembled wisdom and disinterestedness of the village went home thinking, and the son had the pleasant satisfaction of knowing that his mother's last days were her best days. This is not a fiction, but an indication of the weakness of our common nature, which, in similar developments, comes before us with humiliating frequency, alike in the highest and lowest walks of life.

THE BODY.—Among the strange compliments which superstition pays to the Creator, is a scorn and contempt for the fleshy investiture which He has bestowed on us, at least among Christians; for the Pagans were far more pious in this respect; and Mohammed agreed with them in doing justice to the beauty and dignity of the human frame. It is quite edifying, in the Arabian Nights, to read the thanks that are so often and so rapturously given to the Supreme Being for His bestowal of such charms on His creatures. Nor was a greater than Mahomet of a nature to undervalue the earthly temples of gentle and loving spirits. Ascetic mistakes have ever originated in want of heartiness or of heart; in consciousness of defect, or vulgarity of nature, or in spiritual pride. A well balanced body and soul never, we may be sure, gave way to it. What an extraordinary flattery of the Deity, to say, "Lord, I thank Thee for this jewel of a soul which I possess; but what a miserable casket Thou hast given me to put it in!"—*Leigh Hunt.*

SOPHISTRY OF ANGLERS.
IZAAK WALTON.

FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF LEIGH HUNT, UNPUBLISHED.

Many brave and good men have been anglers, as well as many men of a different description; but their goodness would have been complete, and their bravery of a more generous sort, had they possessed self-denial enough to look the argument in the face, and abstained from procuring themselves pleasure at the expense of a needless infliction. The charge is not answered by the favorite retorts about effeminacy, God's providence, neighbors' faults, and doing "no worse." They are simple beggings of the question. I am not aware that anglers or sportsmen in general, are braver than the ordinary run of mankind. Sure I am that a great fuss is made if they hurt their fingers; much more if they lie gasping, like fish, on the ground. I am equally sure that many a man who would not hurt a fly, is as brave as they are; and as to the reference to God's providence, it is an edge-tool that might have been turned against themselves by anybody who chose to pitch them into the river, or knock out their brains. They may lament, if they please, that they should be forced to think of pain and evil at all; but the lamentation would not be very magnanimous under any circumstances; and it is idle, considering that the manifest ordination and progress of things demand that such thoughts be encountered. The question still returns: Why do they seek amusement in sufferings which are unnecessary and avoidable? and till they honestly and thoroughly answer this question, they must be content to be looked upon as disingenuous reasoners, who are determined to retain a selfish pleasure.

As to old Izaak Walton, who is put forward as a substitute for argument on this question, and whose sole merits consisted in his having a taste for nature, and his being a respectable citizen, the trumping him up into an authority and a kind of saint, is a burlesque. He was a writer of conventionalities; who, having comfortably feathered his nest, as he thought, both in this world and in the world to come, concluded he had nothing more to do than to amuse himself by putting worms on a hook, and fish into his stomach, and so go to Heaven, chuckling and singing Psalms. There would be something in such a man, and in his book, offensive to a real piety, if that piety did not regard whatever has happened in the world, great and small, with an eye that makes the best of what is perplexing, and trusts to eventual good out of the worst.—Walton was not the hearty and thorough advocate of nature he is supposed to have been.—There would have been something to say for him on that score, had he looked upon the sum of evil as a thing not to be diminished. But he shared the opinions of the most commonplace believers in sin and trouble, and only congratulated himself on being exempt from their consequences. The overweening old man found himself comfortably off somehow; and it is good that he did. It is a comfort to all of us, wise or foolish. But to reverence him is a jest. You might as well make a god of an otter. Mr. Wordsworth, because of the servitor manners of Walton and his biographies of divines (all anglers), wrote an idle line about his "meekness" and his "heavenly memory." When this is quoted by the gentle brethren, it will be as well if they add to it another passage from the same poet, which returns to the only point at issue, and upsets the old gentleman altogether. Mr. Wordsworth's admonition to us is,

"Never to link our pastime, or our pride,
With suffering to the meanest thing that lives."

It was formerly thought effeminate not to hunt Jews; then not to roast heretics; then not to bait bears and bulls; then not to fight cocks, and to throw sticks at them. All these evidences of manhood became gradually looked upon as no such evidences at all, but things fit only for manhood to renounce; yet the battles of Waterloo and of Sobraon have been won, and Englishmen are not a jot the less brave all over the world. Probably they are braver, that is to say, more deliberately brave, more serenely valiant; also more merciful to the helpless, and that is the crown of valor.

It was during my infancy, if I am not mistaken, that there lived at Hampstead (a very unfit place for such a resident), a man whose name I suppress, lest there should be possessors of it surviving, and who was a famous cock-fighter. He was rich and idle, and therefore had no bounds to set to the unhappy passions that raged within him. It is related of this man, that, having lost a bet on a favorite bird, he tied the noble animal to a spit in the kitchen, before the fire, and notwithstanding the screams of the sufferer, and the indignant cries of the beholders, whose interference he wildly resisted with the poker, actually persisted in keeping it there burning, till he fell down in his fury and died.

Let us hope he was mad. What, indeed, is more probable? It is always a great good, when the crimes of a fellow-creature can be traced to madness; to some fault of the temperament or organization; some "jangle of the sweet bells;" some overbalance in the desired equipoise of the faculties, originating, perhaps, in accident or misfortune. It does not subject us the more to their results. On the contrary, it sets us on our guard against them. And, meantime, it diminishes one of the saddest, most injurious, and most preposterous notions of human ignorance—the belief in the wickedness of our kind.

But I have said enough of these barbarous customs.

MISS BATEMAN'S WILL.—"I happened to be acquainted (says Mr. A. Smee) with the facts of the will of Miss Bateman, of Newington, which has now become a legal precedent. This lady made a will, filled up three sides of the paper, and signed on the fourth, dividing her property amongst her relatives and friends. When the executor applied for the probate, he was told that the will was not good, for the signature was not at the end. He appealed to the court, and from the court to the Privy Council; but still, by some reasoning only clear to a legal cranium, they declared it was not at the foot or end, though, of course, they did not venture to state that it was in any other position. Now, if we regard the effect of this special interposition of the words 'foot or end,' we shall realize to our minds the importance of the errors which may arise from the misapprehension or misinterpretation of the exact idea to be assigned to a word. A blind lady, who had been assisted by Miss Bateman's family, who had virtually adopted her, lost thereby £1,000, which would have secured her a maintenance for life. An orphan lost his mite, which might have set him up in business. The very servants who had had legacies left to them, have been deprived of their justly merited reward. The distant relatives lost their portion, which they were reasonably entitled to expect. Every thing went to the next of kin, who under the will, had a handsome portion left to him."—*Instinct and Reason.*

SARSAPARILLA SYRUP.—Purchase of a druggist of known honesty, 15 ounces of Para Sarsaparilla; split all the stalks in two lengthwise, and cut it in short pieces. Soak it in a gallon of pure water for twenty-four hours, then boil it down to two quarts; strain and add while boiling, 15 ounces of white sugar; thicken all by a little additional boiling, precisely as you make the syrup of preserves. Here you have two quarts of pure syrup for eighty cents. The dose is from a teaspoonful to a wineglassful, according to age, three times a day; but it would do no harm if taken by the tumblerful; it is not hurtful in any dose. If you make it, you are certain that you get the genuine article—which is very doubtful if you buy it.

Original Lectures.

REV. DR. BAIRD'S HISTORICAL LECTURES ON EUROPE.

ITALY.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

LECTURE X.

I have already spoken to you of the States of the Church, and thus you see how the kingdoms of Italy have arisen; the numerous little independent governments which existed in Italy some years ago, have most of them entirely disappeared, and their possessions merged into larger ones. Therefore you have now in Italy, the three kingdoms of Sardinia, of the Pope, and Naples, the three Duchies of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, and ten years ago, I would have said Lucca, but that has now been united to Tuscany, and ceases to exist as an independent government; that is one more gone out of existence, and the universal tendency to consolidation will before long blot out many others from the map of Europe.—Then you have the Austrian part of Italy, Lombardy and Venice, which is called the Viceroyalty, and the little principality of Monaco of about eight thousand inhabitants, the Governor of which is a petty King; the latter rules his people very kindly, I believe, and certainly has not much trouble with them, as he spends most of his time in Paris as a private gentleman; I suppose he thinks the territory not large enough to require all his time for government. This little principality is within the limits of Sardinia, and under the protection of that government.

As to the islands around Italy, Corsica on the West, belongs to France, and Malta on the South, belongs to Great Britain. The British obtained Malta in the following manner. When the Knights Hospitallers of St. John were driven from the island of Rhodes by the Saracens, the Emperor Charles the Fifth conferred upon them this island of Malta, in consideration of their services in defence of Christendom; these knights were an institution of unmarried men, of great courage and abilities, and having many advantages for trade at Malta, they soon became very rich as a corporation and government, and strongly fortified their chief city, Valetta. This was the state of things until Bonaparte, in 1798, on his way to Egypt, stopped at Malta and took possession of the whole island without any difficulty; as he walked over the fortifications the next day, he expressed his surprise that the city had been taken with so little trouble, and one of his officers, who was with him, said, "Yes, and it is well that there was somebody here to open the gates for us, or we should never have been able to enter." I suppose that bribery opened the gates, and English bribery opened them again, when, after they had gained the battle of the Nile, they came down the Mediterranean and took Malta; they have held it ever since, and are not likely to give it up. It has an excellent commerce, some good fertile parts, and gives England, with the Ionian Republic in the East and Gibraltar in the West, a complete foothold in the Mediterranean.

Of the eleven Italian governments which I have named to you, there are only seven worth speaking of in this connection; they are Naples, the States of the Church, Tuscany, Modena, Parma, Lombardy and Venice, and Sardinia. You may easily see in Italy the tendency to consolidation of governments, as I remarked to you in my first lecture. Nothing is clearer than that the whole of Italy ought to be united under one government, and I have no doubt that it will be so; it will take a long time to do it, however, for in the different parts of the country, there is a great variety of laws and customs, and it will be very difficult to reconcile them. In my humble opinion, it is not going to be done by a monarchy; it will require a Republic, and a Republic Italy must become. When the French Revolution broke out in 1789, it agitated Italy to her very centre, and France soon began to have something to do with Italy; the French have always had a strong desire to control that country, and have always envied Germany for having her foot in Italy, which France never has had permanently. Even Spain conquered a part also, so that Italy has, at different times, been subject to many foreign countries. A poet has said, most truly and beautifully, that the ruin of Italy has been her beauty, for her pleasant country, excellent climate and advantageous position have attracted to her shores foreigners who have taken possession of all these riches. And now the question is, "Will Italy ever be able to rid herself of the power of Germany—to throw off the yoke of Austria?" How she is going to do this we do not know, but the failure will not be for want of a wish and a will; the Italians call the Austrians, "*Tedeschi*," and they hate them most mortally, as you will find to be the case all over Italy, if you go there. When Napoleon conquered that country, he exerted rather a good influence; he not only drove out the Austrians for a time, but he expelled many of the worthless Kings and tyrants of Italy, and during his sway, the country was well governed. Wherever he extended his dominion, he made capital roads and every part became flourishing; in addition to this, he broke up the great pest to travellers in Italy—the banditti, and hung up these robbers in great numbers. Unfortunately for that country, however, many of her best citizens accompanied Napoleon in his wars, and numbers of the young men of Italy perished in the dreary wilds of Russia.

Bonaparte did not pretend to annex Italy to France, as he had done many of his other conquests; he made a Republic of the North part and a Republic of Rome, and Naples was governed first by his brother, Joseph, and afterwards by his general, Murat. Unfortunately, when Napoleon was overthrown, all the old despotic rulers came back to their governments in Italy; they were just like Bonaparte described the Bourbons to be; "they never learned anything and they never forgot anything," and the consequence was, great trouble among the people.—Things became so bad, that as late as 1840, the people of Sardinia made a revolution, but it most miserably failed. Before this, however, during the French revolution of 1830, there had been something of the kind in some of the Italian States; the people in the Pope's dominions attempted to make a revolution, but in every case the Austrians interfered to put down such things.

To come down to our own times, when the last revolution of France began in 1848, it affected all Europe, and Italy very greatly. Two years previous to that event, in 1846, the old Pope, Gregory the Sixteenth, had died, and the present Pope was chosen—a circumstance of no little importance to Italy. The reigning Pope, Pius the Ninth, is, I believe, an amiable man, of some talent, and no doubt having excellent intentions, but I cannot think that he ever thought of going the lengths he did. He was pushed on by circumstances, but still did a great deal for the Italians; among other things, he pardoned all the natives of Italy who were abroad in exile for their political opinions, and large numbers of them went back. Many went from this country, and they took home with them the opinions of liberty which they had obtained here; it was the publication and spread of these opinions that caused the revolution in Italy. The new Pope went on admirably for a long time; he was in favor of the education of the masses, and he wished to form a National Guard in order to do away with the hired Swiss soldiers, of which he had about six thousand. From this latter movement, there arose in Italy a general belief that the Pope wished to put himself at the head of the whole country, and the national spirit was roused; it was turned, however, by the hope that he would march against the Austrians, and expel them, and this was almost universally believed. The Austrians saw their danger, and interfered to stir up the people of Rome to make a disturbance in that city; they laid a plan by which the Pope was to be seized and confined but on the very day that this design was to be carried into execution, the Austrians crossed the Po, and took possession of the city of Ferrara.—This created a great deal of difficulty, and the Italians were highly indignant; the Pope ordered the Austrians out, but they would not go, and held Ferrara for many months. The Pope then at last fell in with the spirit of his people, and sent out from Rome fifty thousand men to march against the Austrians; he rode up and down the streets of the city on a white mule, inciting the people to bravery. At this time, it so happened that the King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, who was a man of much talent, began to raise a large military force, mostly Piedmontese troops, and with these he marched against the Austrians.—Thereupon, the people of Rome compelled the Pope to yield to their wishes, and he also marched against the Austrians. The whole of Italy seemed to rise up to expel the Austrians, and at one period it appeared certain that they would have to go; they were driven out of Milan, to Mantua, and afterwards to Verona, and there were many battles fought. After a while, however, it was seen that the French would not interfere in favor of Italy, as the latter had been led to expect they would, and there came a reaction. France had a large number of troops ready to aid the Italians, but a peculiar situation prevented her from using them. She had said to Russia, "You shall not interfere in Germany and Hungary; if you do, I will send a hundred thousand men to the Rhine against you;" and now Russia retorted, "You shall not interfere with the Austrians in Italy; if you do, I will help them against the Hungarians;" and thus they stood for a while, neither daring to do what it most wished. They did not stand so, however, very long; it would have been well for the poor Hungarians if they had, but France at last broke the agreement by interfering to prevent the conquest of Sardinia by the Austrians. They obtained an armistice, which lasted several months, at the end of which the King of Sardinia foolishly recommenced the war, and he was terribly defeated; he afterwards went to Portugal, and died of chagrin. France and England again interfered, and brought about peace, so far as relates to Sardinia. Long before this, the Pope had seen the blunder which he had committed, and had ordered his troops to come back to Rome; the Duchies had all withdrawn their forces also, so that the King of Sardinia was left entirely alone to fight with the Austrians. The reason why the Pope drew back is easily shown; the Bishops of Vienna said to him, "If you fight against our Emperor, we will not acknowledge your spiritual power as Pope," and the latter saw that he had gone too far—one of the inconveniences attendant upon his double position as spiritual and temporal ruler. The Pope's people wanted a constitution, and at last he concluded to give them one; he called a Congress to make one, and they were getting along finely, when the people imprudently stabbed the Pope's Prime-Minister, and besieged his palace. The Pope was very much frightened, and escaped, as you know, in the dress of a servant on the outside of the carriage of the Bavarian Minister; he went to Gaeta, a small town on the borders of Naples, where he stayed for a year or more. He had a very fine place fixed for him at Gaeta, and while he was there, a great deal of money was raised for him in the Catholic countries of Europe, so that he is now very well off.

After the Pope left them, the people of Rome formed a Republic; they did not choose a President, but they elected instead, three triumvirs to carry on the Government, and certainly acted nobly and temperately. Then France diverged from the true line of policy which she had marked out for herself, and undertook to restore the Pope to his Government; but I think she found it a sad blunder. If the Pope was to be restored, I must confess that France was the very best Catholic country in the world to accomplish it; if she had not done it, Austria would, and that France could not allow; she was already jealous of the Austrian foothold in Italy, and did not wish it to be extended. Besides Austria, either Spain or Naples would have aided his Holiness; these were the three great Catholic Powers of Europe upon which the work must have fallen, and they were all eager to undertake it, when France interfered. She wished to head off Austria particularly, and also to please the hierarchy in France, who were solicitous to gain favor at Rome; these, I suppose, were her motives. She sent a small army into Italy to accomplish the restoration of the Pope, thinking a small number of troops would be sufficient, but the Romans totally defeated them; then French indignation was aroused, and they sent a larger force to conquer the Republic of Rome. Thus was presented the sad spectacle of one Republic endeavoring to overthrow another. By this movement, also, France lost her commanding position with respect to Russia—afterwards, when Nicholas interfered to aid the Austrians in Germany, France did not dare to say that he should not do it. A year before they might have said and done so, and would have thus preserved the independence of the Hungarians; but by abandoning her position, France ruined Hungary, for Russia would not have dared to interfere, if France had not compromised herself. I cannot believe, for a moment, that Nicholas would have braved a hundred thousand French soldiers on the Rhine.

The city of Rome played an important part in the subsequent events of Italy, and it is necessary that I should say something about it. The city is not so extensive as it was formerly; the Southern and the South-Eastern parts are not inhabited, on account of the prevalence of the *malaria* there; the populous portion is surrounded by a wall, and the French were longer in taking it than you would suppose. They did not attack it in the right place, which it was the weakest, but the French soliers were more afraid of the *malaria* than they were of the Romans, and if they had gone South and South-East of Rome, an old-fashioned bilious fever would have very soon incapacitated them from injuring anybody.—Considering all things, I think the French officers conducted the bombardment of that city as handsomely as it could have been done; it was a very difficult task, for they had been directed not to injure any of the beautiful buildings or works of art, and they did not.

At last the French stormed two of the Western gates, and at this time they ruined the *Villa Spada*, the only building containing much of ancient art which they injured. In this building was the statue of Pompey, which was broken during the assault, and which is believed by many persons to have been the veritable figure at the foot of which Cæsar fell when he was assassinated in the Senate House. Still, although there were many people killed, there were very few specimens of the Fine Arts destroyed or injured, and after two or three weeks of really hard fighting, the French obtained full possession of the city—and the French are still in Rome in large numbers; the Romans would be glad to get rid of them, but they cannot. As long as the French officers governed Rome, everything went on well, but soon afterwards they gave up the control to the Cardinals, and then came trouble; these tried hard to keep out the light; they allowed nothing like religious books to be circulated, and seized a great many which were about to be distributed.—There were four thousand Testaments, however, which were protected by the American Minister there, Mr. Cass, who hoisted his flag over them—by the way, Mr. Cass seems to have a great deal of influence at Rome, and he has exerted it, so far, to very good purposes. I know more about those four thousand Testaments than I would like to say in public.

The state of things in Italy is bad enough at present; many of the people dreaded the return of the Pope as their greatest misfortune, and many wished for it eagerly. I am happy to say, that the Pope is much better disposed towards the liberty of his people, than the persons around him, but I think he has not the energy to resist his powerful advisers. It will be a most difficult thing for him to rule properly, for the changes during his absence have been very great. All the Governments of Italy which received Constitutions in 1848, were obliged to give them up when the reaction came, but the Pope will not dare to give offence to his people by proposing such a thing to them. I suppose it will be through years of trouble and disturbance that the Italians will make progress in those traits of character which will, in the end, make them free; Italy cannot become free in a day.—The masses are still extremely poor and ignorant; the lands are owned by the rich, the nobles, the Government, and the Catholic Church, and a great deal by monasteries also. The masses of the people throughout the country—the farmers and laborers—own nothing—they cultivate a few acres, parting with all the best things they can raise to pay taxes and rents. They are getting along as well as they can, but that is very poorly; they are naturally talented, but there are no opportunities presented to cultivate their talents.

There has been a great deal done lately to circulate the Bible and religious books among the people; in Sardinia the Government shows the most liberal spirit, and there anything can be done in this respect; but in the rest of Italy there is much opposition to anything of the kind.

The late revolutions, although they failed, had one excellent effect; during their progress the Italians learned that they can do something, and I believe that if they had able Generals in the North of Italy, they would have succeeded in repelling the Austrians. The Romans, especially, showed a vast deal of courage; and what talented men they had! I believe that Mazzini at Rome, and Kossuth in Hungary, are two of the greatest men now alive, although they are now both in exile; many of the patriots, both of Hungary and Rome, are now in foreign countries, and there are in New York, at the present time, some distinguished Italians and Hungarians, who might have been rich, if they had chosen to profit by their national disturbances, but who now live by their own industry alone. Still, they have done a good work, and set an example which will be followed.

What an able correspondence Mazzini kept up with the French Government, and how nobly he contended for Roman rights! All this is not going to be lost, you may depend upon it.—There is now growing up in Italy a propagandism, which is the most curious thing I ever undertook to study; in all parts of the country, there are men, who, in spite of the strictest vigilance of the Governments, are continually circulating tracts—some political and some religious. These tracts are very ably written, taking the liberal side, and are beginning to have a great effect upon the masses; they aim even at the papacy itself, and the great men of Italy, who have been studying the political situations of England and this country, are beginning to see that they must have a christianity that is worth something. They are driving at it now, and they are acting wisely and prudently in the matter; they are able to effect a religious reform, if they chose to do so, and things in Italy will not remain long as they are now. The first chance they get, the Italians will rise, and this chance will come when France is ready to do her duty; when I was in Italy they told me that they waited for France. They want France to aid them, not in overthrowing their Governments, but merely to head off Austria; they do not want her to send an army into their country, for they say they are themselves able to overturn their Governments, if Austria is prevented from interfering. They spoke to me on the subject, and told me that much, very freely; they want France to say to Austria, "You shall not set your foot beyond the Po," and in about two years I think France will be ready to say this, and to aid the Italians. It may not be so soon as that, but I am confident that it will not be much later. In that time, the popular party will have gained full ascendency in France, and will return to the Assembly men who are opposed to the present state of French affairs; they will elect a different kind of President from Louis Napoleon, and the progress of liberty throughout Europe will be accelerated. By that time, Germany will be ready, and Italy will be perfectly prepared, and the popular parties throughout these three great nations must understand one another; they will eventually work together, and then there will be an end to the despotisms of these countries. Before the end of this century I have no doubt that they will all have sound Republican Governments.—But what is most necessary for them, in my humble opinion, is a true Christianity, and a more general knowledge of the Scriptures; if we want these people to see liberty, the best thing that we can do for them is to aid in circulating the Scriptures, and morality and liberty will follow. It is what made us such as we are here. This will make the Italians what we wish to see them, and it is the only thing that can accomplish it; but it will be through years of trouble and suffering. The Italians have great capacities for liberty, and all they want is a favorable opportunity to display them; hitherto they have been completely shut up from any good influences, and there has been no public vitality to call forth their abilities.—They have been taught a Christianity which is a very simple affair, as I mentioned in my last lecture; the Church has told them to believe, and the State has commanded them to obey, and this is all they have had to do with Government and religion. All this will give way, however, as I have said.

As to the monarchs of the different parts of Italy, I can finish them in a few words. The King of Naples is one of the worst sovereigns in the world, and as to the present Pope, you all know what he is. The new King of Sardinia is said to be a young man of fine talents, and well disposed towards his people. The Grand Duke of Tuscany is not much; he is an amiable man, but has done some bad things in his day. The Duke of Modena is of little importance, but has a reputation for good character, I believe. The Duke of Parma is a sort of Protestant, but a very poor one. I can tell you, he is not much credit to the cause, although it is rather singular for an Italian ruler to have even the reputation of a Protestant. Italy has not a solitary Prince of any great worth, unless it may be the new King of Sardinia, but I shall not be surprised if she replaces them with better successors before a great while.

To those of you who feel an interest in Dr. Achilli, I may say that he was confined in various places in the city of Rome. [Dr. Baird referred to an excellent map of that city, and pointed out the localities.] He at last made his escape in the following manner: A French officer was holding court in the city, and he sent for Doctor Achilli as a witness; the doctor was confined in a building just outside of Rome, and he was brought in guarded. He was carried backward and forward in this way several times, and at last he went to the Court towards evening, after having been sent for; he went in, but found no person there except the officer. The latter said a little to him, he does not say what, and the doctor went into the next room, where he found a number of dresses of French soldiers; he deliberately put on one, and in it made his escape, as you know. The minute circumstances of the case, and the causes which produced his liberation, we cannot know as yet. Dr. Achilli went into France, and will probably be in this country before long to speak for himself.

I have explained to you the present position of Italy, and the causes which are at work there to produce a radical change of affairs; this change I have no doubt, will come before long, when the neighboring countries are ready for a revolution; and upon this depends the progress of Italy. A great deal is being done to improve the people—and those four thousand Testaments of which I spoke to you, will go a great way; everything at present, however, must be conducted with secrecy and prudence.

At my next lecture, I will speak to you of Spain and Portugal.

Miscellaneous.

INDIAN AND AMERICAN COTTON.

On the 18th ult., in the British House of Commons, Mr. Bright moved an address to the Crown, to appoint a committee to proceed to India, to inquire into the obstacles which prevent an increased growth of cotton in that country. He began by showing the importance of the object, to insure an adequate supply of the raw materials for the English cotton manufactures, which, he said, employ 2,000,000 of the population, and an amount of capital much greater than was embarked in any other manufacturing trade in the United Kingdom, and which produces the largest proportion of its exports. We quote the following extract from his remarks, as they possess interest in their reference to this country:

The amount of raw cotton imported in 1800, was 56,000,000 pounds; in 1849 it had increased to 754,000,000 pounds. Our supply was from the following sources, and in the following portions—The United States 78½ per cent; the British possessions in India 10½ per cent; Egypt 3¼ per cent, and the British West Indies ¼ per cent. The crop of the United States was liable to great fluctuations, causing much loss to operatives as well as manufacturers, while the consumption of cotton on the continent of Europe and in America was rapidly increasing, apparently beyond the power of production; and an advance of 1d per pound on raw cotton would amount to £3,000,000 sterling. Such an increase of the cost of the raw material tended to limit consumption, and involve the trade in embarrassment.

Another consideration was, that the American cotton was the production of slave labor, and if from any cause slavery should be abolished in the United States, the cultivation of cotton would be greatly interfered with. In these circumstances, there being no present prospect of an adequate supply from our African, Australian, or West Indian colonies, it was natural to turn to British India, and there were valid reasons for so doing. India had always grown cotton, and at this time the quantity raised there was not far short of the whole produce of the United States. The soil was adapted, and the people habituated to its cultivation. From 1788 to the present time, the East India Company had bestowed their attention upon Indian cotton, sending out cleaning machines, gins, and American planters; they had established experimental farms, and had expended in their endeavors to promote the growth of cotton not less than £100,000.

In reply to Mr. Bright, Sir J. Hobhouse said that he very much doubted whether such an additional quantity of cotton, and of such an improved kind, ever would be brought from India as would enable it to compete with America. Dr. Royle said the great mass of cotton produced in India was unfit, from the shortness of its staple and its dirty state, to sustain a competition with American. Besides this, 120,000,000 of natives were clothed with cotton, and after they were supplied, the surplus was not likely to be very great.

After some further debate the motion was negatived.

THE TALKING WELL.

A philosophical correspondent of the Evening Post writes:—"The Rochester Knockings and the Derby Spectres remind me of the Talking Well; a phenomenon probably quite as supernatural as they. I have forgotten the place in which it occurred, and whether it was in England or in this country, but the circumstances as related in the newspapers I clearly remember. A well was heard to give forth an articulate voice, answers to any question which a person standing over its mouth chose to put. The report of this extraordinary phenomenon spread far and near, and thousands of people came to witness it. A question asked at a little distance from its margin was not answered, but when the questioner spoke so near to it that his voice could enter the well, an answer in a human voice was given almost immediately afterwards.

"The thing continued to be a wonder for a few days, and people came from a considerable distance to put questions and hear the replies of the talking well. At length the mystery was cleared up. Two men had been engaged in repairing the well, which was furnished with a drain terminating at a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile. It happened that one of them was employed at the well and the other at the mouth of the drain; when the one in the well heard the other breathing hard with the violent exertion of removing a stone, or something of that kind, a dialogue ensued between the two through the drain, and the perfect transmission of the sounds seemed to them so remarkable, that they agreed to keep the thing secret for a while, and amuse themselves in the meantime at the expense of the public."

☞ A young lady of St. Louis, who "scarcely counted seventeen summers," having a passion for the stage, which her parents judiciously tried to check, took "pison," and requested to be buried with a copy of Shakspeare.

☞ Persons endowed with strong feelings and passions, often, like children with a box of jewels, squander their precious things without knowing their value.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1850.

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We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Skating Match With the Indians is declined.

The answer to *D. L. R. B.'s* Enigma would be likely to displease some of our political friends.

"*A Young Subscriber*" should try again. With care, his verses may be made acceptable.

The Maid of Humble Birth is far below our standard.

Several *Enigmas, Charades, &c.*, on hand, will be attended to in due time.

IGNORANCE AND CRIME.

Ignorance and crime generally go together. Where the people are educated and intelligent, there vice and crime will diminish. The man who is only educated sufficiently to read his daily or weekly paper, must necessarily be, other things being equal, a wiser and better man than he who has not enjoyed that advantage. "An idle man's brain is the devil's workshop," says the old proverb; and the man who cannot read, when tired of physical labor, has but little to occupy his thoughts—therefore even the reading of that which is only trash (so it be not *worse* than trash,) is better than no reading at all; it employs the mind, if nothing else. But the reading of good newspapers and good books, not only keeps out evil imaginations, but plants the seeds of knowledge and of virtue.

Every man of sound, clear head, would reason in this way, even if ignorant of the fact that the statistics of the courts and the prison-house amply prove its justice. Some time ago we gave some statistics, obtained by Judge Kelley, from the records of the Philadelphia penitentiaries; and now we have a similar array of facts in relation to the State of New York, obtained by Mr. J. J. Randall. Mr. Randall states that an examination of the official returns made to the Secretary of State by the Sheriffs of the several counties of New York, from the year 1840 to 1848, comprising a period of nine years, gives the following result: The whole number of persons returned as having been convicted of crimes in the several counties and cities of the State, during the period referred to, was 27,949; of these 1,182 were returned as having received a "common education," 414 as having a "tolerably good education," and 128 only as "well educated." Of the remaining 26,225, about half were able merely to read and write. The residue were destitute of any education whatever.

Now when we consider that a man is said to be able to "*read*," when he can manage to spell out a few words with great effort, and to "*write*," when he can scratch down something like his name, we cannot help wondering that in a State where the people are so well educated as in New York, nearly one-half of the criminals should be returned as unable to do either. And only one in twenty-four had received even a "*common*" education—only 542 out of 27,949 a *good* education. Certainly there is great encouragement in these facts—encouragement to spread the glorious Free School System over the length and breadth of the land. By educating the young, we are adopting a great means of prevention against vice—*prevention*, which is tenfold better than cure. It is in this light, that we see how it becomes the business and interest and even duty of the State, to see that all the children within its borders have the opportunity of procuring a good education. Better spend money for school-houses than for prisons.

The importance of this subject of education cannot be magnified. Education makes a people more successful in the arts of peace, more powerful and terrible (yet more merciful) in the arts of war. Even a bad system of education is better than none—but when the teacher has an eye and heart open to all the noblest impulses of the age, when he endeavors to build up his pupils in the perfect manhood of their three-fold natures—physical, intellectual, and moral—then education becomes the nurse of true ability and manhood, and the parent of great and magnanimous deeds. Educate the youth of the land, and you shall have ere long wonderful inventions, and noble poems, and great historical works, and, above all, *men*, who shall be worthy of the name—MEN, who shall leave foot-prints visible to all succeeding ages. As we look through our own country, we see the arts and sciences and literature flourishing, just in proportion as education abounds.—And the good fruit has but just begun to fall. Who can tell what triumphs await those in the future, who have been true to the light they have—who do not hide their light under a bushel, but set it on every hill and in every valley, that the intellects and hearts of all may be illumined. May the time soon come when not a State in the Union but shall feel the importance of this subject of education, as some now feel it, and grudge no necessary expense to let the sunlight of knowledge shine in upon the darkened mind of every child in the land. Then shall the Republic go forth among the nations of the earth, "Bright as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners."

A GOOD WORD.

We have no reason to complain of the terms in which our contemporaries generally, speak of the Post; but, occasionally, a warmer and juster word than usual, seems to call for an acknowledgement at our hands. The following notice recently appeared in the Jacksonville (Illinois,) Journal:

Saturday Evening Post.—How many of our readers take the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post?" We feel some interest in this question, from the fact that it is the *only* so called "family paper" of which we have any knowledge, that we could recommend at all times into all families.

In a very careful reading for four years past, we have never seen *one line or word to condemn. We cannot say that of any other periodical ever published.* No purer, more elevating, or more interesting page can be brought into the family than the Post.

J. B. P. of Hamilton, Georgia, says: "The Two Brides, I find very interesting and impressive, as well as instructive; and Dr. Baird's Historical Lectures form a grand feature of the Post, containing, as they do, much valuable information for the people."

ONTARIO AND ERIE BOATS.

It is said by the Rochester Democrat, that on Lake *Ontario* there has never been the loss of a single life by fire or explosion. The pipes of the Ontario boats pass through what are called water-chimneys—being thus surrounded with three or four inches of water, extending from the top of the boiler in the hold, up to two or three feet above the upper works. The water-chimney is kept constantly full by a force pump attached to the engine. In the "Griffith" there was a water "jacket," filled with clay—while other Lake Erie boats depend upon filling the chimney with water by hand, a duty which is liable to be overlooked or neglected.

NOT SO.

A letter from Havana contradicts the report that any of the American prisoners have been tortured. It says:

Great indignation is felt here, and especially by the authorities, at the infamous report published in the United States, that some of the prisoners had been subject to torture in order to obtain a confession. The Admiral feels particularly outraged by the publication, as the prisoners were more especially under his charge. The report was so improbable and absurd, that it is surprising that the American newspapers should have given any circulation to it. The prisoners are well treated, and I know they have received supplies of money to add to their comforts.

THE WEBSTER CONFESSION.

We lay before our readers this week, the "confession" of Professor Webster, as also his previous petition to the Governor and Council of Massachusetts, for an absolute pardon.

We do not know what the opinion of people in general may be upon reading these documents, but the effect they have produced on us is one of inexpressible disgust and contempt. As to the "confession," it may be true; but the fact of Professor Webster's saying that it is so, does not weigh with us a feather. The man who, knowing his own guilt, could appeal to the Almighty in such terms as Webster makes use of in his *first* petition to the Governor and Council, proves himself to be lost to all regard for the duty and manliness of truthfulness, and all respect for the sacred character of an oath. Why then should we believe his so-called "confession," more than his previous solemn affirmations that he was entirely innocent, and the victim of a foul conspiracy?

The question, then, as to the truth of Prof. Webster's "confession," is to be determined, so far as we can determine it, solely on the ground of probability. And we must confess that, since reading the "confession," the probability of the murder having been a premeditated one, looms up before us vast, dark and horrible. In fact, until we read this so-called "confession," we had come to no opinion upon the matter; but now we cannot avoid the conclusion that Dr. Parkman was as deliberately as cruelly murdered.

We could not bring ourselves to believe that there was sufficient motive for a premeditated murder, but Prof. Webster has now furnished that motive. Dr. Parkman had obtained for him the situation he held, worth some two thousand dollars a year; and, as it now appears, the Doctor had threatened, and he was a man apt to be as good as his word, to deprive him of it.—Not for some few hundreds of dollars, but for his professorship, his salary, did Professor Webster plan and strike the fatal blow.

If the alleged "confession" be correct, if Dr. Parkman was killed from the excitement of sudden passion, how comes it that Professor Webster took possession of and cancelled the notes which the Doctor had brought with him? If he had not thought of unfairness previously, how did he bring his mind, in the terror and remorse of the unpremeditated act, to add theft to manslaughter? Is this reasonable, is it probable?

Besides, how came it that Dr. Parkman had Professor Webster's notes about him? Men do not usually carry such things with them, unless they have been given to understand that they will be paid, in whole or in part.

It is urged that if Prof. Webster had intended to commit a murder, he would have met Dr. Parkman in some more secret place, and concealed all knowledge of the intended meeting from others. But studied privacy often gives rise to more suspicion than frank publicity.—Where should Prof. Webster have appointed a meeting—what more fitting place could he have found for such a bloody deed than the private rooms of which he alone had the keys? If he had invited Dr. Parkman to meet him in some unfrequented spot, at midnight, would the intended victim have accepted the invitation, and kept the knowledge of it to himself? Besides, no time was to be lost—Dr. Parkman had grown pressing and importunate, and, more vexatious still, *clamorous*. He must be put out of the way, or his influence would be sufficient to deprive the Professor of his situation and salary.

And, according to the confession, Dr. Parkman was killed by a piece of grape-vine, the parties standing face to face, with only one blow. This is possible but grossly improbable. Did Dr. Parkman, all aflame with indignation, look calmly on while Professor Webster grasped the stick, and then stand patiently under, without trying to avert the blow? Is it not vastly more probable that he was felled from behind, with the sledge-hammer which so mysteriously disappeared; than from before, with a piece of grape-vine? But Prof. Webster says he did not know there was such a hammer about! Who can believe this?

He says also, that the thought of confessing at once what he had done, never entered his mind—but would it not have at least *entered the mind* of a man guilty of only sudden and unpremeditated killing? We think so. But he proceeds to dissect his victim as coolly as a butcher would slaughter a calf. His reverend counsel, Mr. Putnam, makes a singular plea for him on this head. He says:

That he could devise such a plan of disposing of the body, and then go through with all the horrid and disgusting operations incident to it, has produced in all minds a bad impression of his character. He cannot complain that it should. Nothing can ever remove that impression. There is but one word of abatement, and because there is no other, it ought to be remembered, this, namely, that to a man of a medical education a lifeless human body has not the sacredness which it has to others; to him it is a mere subject to be handled and cut with no more awe or sensibility than the butcher has in dealing with the meat of the shambles. So, to the *habitués* of a medical college, the process of dismemberment is associated with all the jokes and levities of student life and conversation, and can never be to him at all the same thing that it would be to another person of no greater moral feeling or principle.

If the students of our medical colleges are in the habit of "joking" over, and treating with "levity," "as the butcher treats the meat of the shambles," the bodies that come before them in their pursuit of medical and anatomical knowledge, then, we say, close up the dissecting rooms of those colleges by the strong arm of the law. The man who can "joke" over the corpse of his fellow man or woman, is unworthy of the name of man—he has already gone into the service of the devil, and put on the sneering demoniac nature. If even the justifiable purpose of scientific investigation cannot guard against that contempt which familiarity too commonly produces, then, in Heaven's name, keep our young men out of the dissecting rooms! If Coolidges and Websters be the natural growth of your medical colleges, better would it be for the world that such institutions were prohibited altogether. For, for one Coolidge or Webster, there must be hundreds not quite so depraved, and therefore guilty of only less horrible offences.

For these reasons, and others of less moment, we place no faith in this so-called "confession;" on the contrary, it has led us to believe that the murder was as premeditated as the after proceedings were diabolical. Sincerely do we condole with the innocent family of the convicted man, and gladly would we, for their sake and his, hear that the punishment had been "commuted"—since to the guilty man it seems *commutation*—to imprisonment for life. If the Governor and Council of Massachusetts think that such commutation can be properly granted, consistent with their official oaths, we have no doubt it will be done—but as for this so called "confession," it can, we think, but prejudice Professor Webster's case most terribly in their minds, and in the judgment of all impartial men.

TABLE ROCK.

Alas, our chance is gone—we may see Niagara one of these Summer days, but never Table Rock. There it had stood for centuries, gazing with mingled love and awe and admiration upon the great cataract, until at last, maddened by the beauty of the scene, it plunged into the boiling whirlpool below, and was lost to human view forever. There, dear reader, is a touch of the sublime for you!

The plain prose of the matter is that the whole of Table Rock, which projected over the abyss to the width of some thirty feet, has fallen. Seven persons had just returned from passing under the sheet, but not a single life was lost. Several persons on the rock saved themselves by jumping across the widening chasm in time. The fall of the rock has somewhat changed the appearance of the Falls, having broken the curve at that point. All new visitors to Niagara must now be prepared to hear from those who knew it in old times, how much it has suffered by the fall of the rock in question—and those of the company who have seen Table Rock, will be considered the most favored and fortunate of men. Alas! we have not seen it!

MAKING LIGHT OF PAINE.

Mr. Paine, of gaseous notoriety, has sued a scientific gentleman for calling him a humbug and a cheat, and asserting that his alleged discovery is a swindling operation. Certainly, no great discoverer ever had so much trouble as Paine. Probably the reason is, that other discoverers have shown the public what they could do, without unreasonable delay. But the "great shot-at" always was somewhat given to mystery. Mr. Paine has laid his damages at ten thousand dollars, and, it is said, intends to sue others. He seems determined to make money out of the discovery, one way or another. Is it not a capital idea? Profess to invent some wonderful machine—if it prove what it professes to be, you make a fortune by it; if it prove to be, instead of a great machine, a great humbug, and scientific men pronounce it so, then sue them for slander, putting your damages at ten thousand dollars in each case, and *perhaps* you may get it. Thus, in either way, if courts and juries are sufficiently accommodating, the thing *pays*.

JUNIUS'S LETTERS.

We are credibly informed—nay, we have it from the best authority, the author himself—that Charles James Fox wrote the celebrated letters over the signature of Junius. For further particulars, we refer to "The Rochester Knocking Spirits."

BISHOP HUGHES AND THE AMERICAN PRESS.

We are not in the practice of selecting either sectarian or controverted political subjects for discussion in the columns of the Post; but the recent publication of an extraordinary pamphlet by the *Right Reverend Bishop Hughes*, seems to impose the duty upon us, as a journalist, to make a few comments upon its assertions and tone. Not designing to speak *pro* or *con* of the Bishop in his *clerical* capacity, and setting aside the fact of his singular position as a propagandist of despotic opinions among a community of freemen, we will simply view him, (as he evidently wishes to be considered,) as an accuser and judge of the American press. To place "*His Lordship*" (we believe that is his assumed title) in this light, it is but necessary to quote the question which embodies the gist of his pamphlet, and that for the purpose of reply:—

"Is the Pontifical government under Pius IX. and his advisers *so much* worse than the average of civil governments *in this world*, that it deserves to be singled out as an exception, and by the secular press of England and America held up to universal Anglo Saxon execration? *If not*, how can the abuse that has been poured out recently on that government be justified on the *grounds of truth and impartial judgment?* Why should St. Petersburgh, Vienna, Berlin, St. James—not to speak of the minor despotisms of Northern Europe—be overlooked and allowed to escape the *censure of our journalism?* Why should these be almost forgotten, whilst the whole stream of editorial vituperation is directed against the Pope and the Cardinals at Rome, &c., &c.?"

To the first clause of this implied accusation, we answer that it is not true! The "Pontifical government" has never been singled out by the American "secular press" as a peculiar object of "execration." When the first dawning of Roman liberty glimmered in the ameliorations introduced by Pius IX., the press of this country was unanimous in its praise of the man, as well as in gratulations of the event. From North to South, the name of "the good Pope," the "Reformer," was passed like a watchword of freedom. Resolutions in his honor were voted at public meetings, his acts and character were the theme of admiration in Protestant pulpits, and even our poets, illustrating the enthusiasm of the people, poured forth their songs as free-will offerings to the occupant of St. Peter's chair. His course was watched by patriots and reformers with an intense interest. They prayed that his hands might be upheld till the good fight was won; they rejoiced at his every success, and anathematized his enemies with as hearty a good will as any Pontifical bull could have done.

And when at length the "good Pope" faltered in the work of reform—when, deluded by treachery in his own "conclave," he fancied an enemy in his people, and "back slid" from all his grand professions,—then was his apostacy adverted to by our press, "more in sorrow than in anger." It was seen at once that the good Pontiff was in leading strings, and that however much he might desire to perpetuate or increase the political concessions he had made, he was but as "clay in the potter's hands," to be moulded by the eminent conclave of Cardinals.

And when finally the crowning weakness of a fickle monarch was evinced by his casting himself into the arms of a foreign government, and avowedly treating with despotism for assistance in the accursed work of reforging the chains which himself had broken,—even then the tone of our journals was singularly mild. They never stigmatized the Pope as bad—they merely said, what all the world knows, that he was but the tool of his designing ministry. It is true that the majority of our journals espoused the cause of republican Rome—but it was after the flight of the "Holy Father." It was after this "good Pope," who maintains that his people always loved him, had fled and left them at the mercy of those whom he calls "ruffians and assassins," that the American press spoke out boldly for the lost democrats of Italy. And even when the French marauders, *blessed by His Holiness*, levelled their cannon against the Eternal City,—even then Pius IX. was scarcely mentioned with reproach, save for his vacillating weakness. It was against French demagoguism and treachery that our presses thundered their "execrations."

And again, does Bishop Hughes mean only a Jesuitical reservation, or does he know that he asserts an absolute falsehood, in implying that the Romish government has been the only object of American reprobation? Thank Heaven, our free press has made no distinction. We have censured and anathematized *all* the tyrants, traitors, and red-handed royal murderers, whether their atrocities were perpetrated at Paris, at Naples, at Berlin, at Vienna, or in unhappy and Roman Catholic Ireland. Has no "execration" been heaped upon Haynau? Has the regal tiger Ferdinand escaped our maledictions? Have the wretched suicidal Austrian king, the impotent majesty of Prussia, the puppet-President of France, had no share of our censure? And has Protestant England been spared? Did the press of America hesitate, because Ireland was Catholic, to cheer on its O'Connells, and Mitchells and O'Briens? Bishop Hughes knows that it did not.

CONGRESS.

Our regular Congressional proceedings—principally relating to the Galphin Claim—are brought up to Monday. On Monday, in the House, the subject was again brought forward. A motion to reconsider the resolution censuring the President, was laid on the table, yeas 99, nays 91. Finally, the vote was taken on the report of the Committee, when it was agreed that the Galphin Claim was not a just one, yeas 172, nays 49; that the act of Congress made it the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to pay the principal of the Claim, yeas 112, nays 66; and that the act aforesaid did not authorize the Secretary to pay the interest, and its payment was therefore contrary to law and precedent, yeas 118, nays 71.

A motion was then made to reconsider, which was carried, and the whole question was thus put at sea again; whereupon the House adjourned.

In the Senate the Compromise Bill was again under discussion—Mr. Smith addressing that body at length against it.

RUMORS OF WAR.

There have been rumors since our last, of terrible doings in the South-West. Texas, it is said, is very much excited at the news from New Mexico, and contemplates marching upon Santa Fe and taking forcible possession of the disputed territory, without saying to General Taylor or the United States troops, as much as "by your leave." We doubt it, however. Texas, valiant as she is, could hardly expect to thrash the General Government; even were she willing, which we do not believe, to wage a fraternal war. If she thinks she has been wronged, her proper remedy is in a peaceable appeal either to Congress or to the Supreme Court.

FASHION PLATES.

Mrs. Swisshelm is out against the fashion plates in the magazines. She says, in all seriousness, that the young ladies through the country do follow the fashions as there laid down, and endeavor to bring their waists into as small a compass as they there see represented. In spite of her assertion, and she *ought* to know, we cannot believe the country lasses are such—*ninnies*. If they are, perhaps the quicker they are killed off by the compression of their waists into half the natural size, the better.

MARCH OF REFINEMENT.

A Scotch bagpiper was arrested by the high constable of Wilmington, Delaware, a few days ago, on the complaint of some ladies, who were shocked at the sight of his bare knees!

We always *did* like the Wilmington ladies, their sweetness of disposition, intelligence, &c.; but we did not know that refinement had made such wonderful progress among them. After a while, perhaps, they will reach that point of refinement attained by the lady who always fainted when she saw her brother in his shirt sleeves.

THE QUEENS' HEADS.

It is said that the persecuted young lady who was required by her father to produce a certain number of obliterated stamps by a certain day, was no young lady at all, but a humbug—a hoax. The joke was not discovered till after some thousand bushels of Queens' heads had been forwarded per order. A young clergyman is said to be unpleasantly involved in the affair, which is to undergo a legal investigation.

THE AMERICA.

The beautiful new steamboat America made an excursion up to Bristol last week, to show off her sailing qualities to a select company on board. She was unanimously pronounced a tip-top boat, and worthy of encouragement by the travelling public. She is to make regular trips to Cape Island through the present season.

COMPROMISE MEETING.

A meeting in favor of Mr. Clay's Compromise Bill was held in this city on last Monday evening. It was fairly attended, and quite enthusiastic. It is said that $5,000,000 of Texas script are held here—which the passage of the Bill would at once put up to par.

THE PRESIDENT'S HEALTH.

At the time of our going to press, there are telegraphic reports from Washington, to the effect that Gen. Taylor is suffering under a severe attack of bilious cholera morbus. At one time his situation was considered even critical. We trust it will soon pass over.

☞ He who the sword of heaven would bear, should be as holy as severe.

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

Washington, July 6th, 1850.

Gentlemen:—The coming of the 4th has somewhat interrupted the proceedings of Congress this week—national legislation giving way to national glorification.

Saturday, Monday and Tuesday were principally taken up with speeches on the Compromise Bill, from Mr. Cooper of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Upham of Vermont. Mr. Cooper is rather an agreeable-looking man, and doubtless a man of ability, but as a speaker, he is dull, prolix and mechanical. His principles and prepossessions are said to point to the Southern quarter of the political compass. Mr. Upham, on the contrary, is of the North, Northy. His speech was true, I think, to the sentiment of his section of the country, but sounded as though written to order. He acknowledged, very naively and unnecessarily, that he prepared it three months ago—and he certainly read as though he had never looked at it since. His manner was without ardor and earnestness—cold and monotonous, and like Mr. Cooper's, his speech seemed stretching itself out to the crack of doom. By the way, a just subject for agitation and animadversion is the frightful prolixity of honorable gentlemen, who, having prepared speeches in the cool Spring weather, deliver them in the dog-days, with remorseless resolution, looking glum if their audience do not take it coolly. There rises a Northern statesman, who, with the desire of favoring some Southern policy, hath the fear of being cashiered by his constituents—who must steer slowly and carefully between Sylla and Charybdis—or rather, like a circus-rider, must mount and manage two steeds at once;—or a Southern alarmist croaks out the common-places of agitation—*boring* the Senate with his evil *auguries* on the fate of the Union. Honorable Senators read newspapers, frank letters—receive their pay and write receipts at their desks—fans, snuff-boxes, paragraphs and caricatures go round,—there are elevated a pair of slippered feet, which may have done execution in an Alabama ball-room—there is bowed a head, bald by the friction of many laurels,—nods and winks most *mal-apropos* and out of character, are on the increase, and yawns and stretchings grow frequent and contagious. Yet flows on, unceasing, the unheeded oratory—a drizzling stream of legal argument, or statistical statement—or a foaming current of patriotic sentiment, in a weak, wordy solution, bravado and balderdash for Buncombe. It is too much—there are bounds to human endurance—Senator after Senator rises with slow dignity from his arm-chair, and quietly slopes through the Northern door-way, for an hour's *siesta* in the ante-room—the galleries grow unquiet, and thin off momently;—even the gracious smile of the handsome President groans languid, and his appealing glance calling to his seat some *chair-able* substitute, he yields the post of honor, with his own peculiar grace, and glides forth, smiling as he goes, benignantly to the last. Yet *still* flows on, unceasing, the unheeded oratory, in bewildering eddies of sophistical reasoning, over shallows of thought, with now and then a small bubble of wit, or a soft gurgle of sentiment, and sometimes, though very rarely, of course, a slight muddiness of meaning.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, has been ringing loud and sharp for two days, in the ears of the Senate, and will probably toll through the morning to-day. He is a fine speaker in some respects, but too fearfully diffuse—weakening all his strong points by repetition. He is most earnest and energetic at times, and wonderful is the power of his lungs, if not the force of his logic. An eloquent defence of the President and his policy was a very interesting portion of this interminable speech.

The speech of Mr. Seward, of New York, delivered on Tuesday, was an admirable effort—strong, straight-forward, clear and condensed, yet not without the ornaments of true eloquence and poetry. The manner of this Senator does not correspond with his matter. His voice does not vary greatly, and he never seems powerfully excited, even when uttering the most radical sentiments. He is characterised by a quiet boldness, a cool, I had almost said a CALCULATING audacity in the expression and support of his opinions.

I went in the morning to hear Mr. Toombs, one of the most celebrated orators of the House, speak on the Galphin Claim. The subject did not seem well suited to his style—there was too much excitement for the occasion—the speaker was too unvaryingly vehement and monotonously emphatic, in my opinion. I hope to hear Mr. Toombs on some subject of Southern interest, where he is greatest. His head is a fine one, and his ability is unquestionable. He was that day followed by Mr. Brooks, of New York, a person of most gentlemanly bearing, who spoke in a quiet, graceful manner, and with a clear, even flow of voice, peculiarly pleasant after more violent tones.

Some of the most impressive looking men in the House rarely speak. Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Grinnell, true sons of Massachusetts, a State that rears *gentlemen* for legislators, and is as ably represented in her manners and morals as in her interests and policy, are too seldom heard. I am very desirous of hearing Colonel Bissell, one of the bravest of the Illinois delegation of soldiers, who is said to be an eloquent speaker, as ready and heroic on the floor of Congress as on the field of battle; and Mr. Root, of Ohio, one of the strongest and wittiest men in the House.

On the evening of the 3rd, the ladies of the National Hotel held a reception. Miss Lynch seemed the presiding genius, and she was a host as well as a hostess in herself, with the ease, gaiety and kindliness of her manner. Fredrika of Sweden was also there—with her simple, retiring manner,—her kind words and her sweet voice, making herself *felt* as a presence of gentle greatness. Forms of manly beauty, faces of feminine loveliness, were around her that night, which the authoress may yet unconsciously reproduce in her vivid word-painting. Yes—we had "fair women and brave men," and some brave women and fair men,—we had music, we had dancing! Ay, honorable members, Senators, Judges and Generals *chasséed* and *dos-a-dosed* with belles and blues in blissful forgetfulness of all the cares and dignities of State.—Immediately behind where I stood, sat the Vice President, Mr. Fillmore, in conversation with the heroic wife of the heroic Fremont, and I almost expected "the Chair" to call us to order in his own bland and half deprecating manner, when anything went wrong in the dance. We had laughing and jesting over ices—we had *tete a tetes* in window-seats, and promenades along piazzas—all the usual concomitants of a pleasant evening party, except compliments and flirtations. Statesmen and authoresses of course know nothing of such things—and then, most of the company were married!

On the 4th, were the usual parades, ceremonies and festivities. Senator Foote delivered from the Washington Monument, an oration which has been much commended. It was brief, simple, and in passages eloquent. It breathed a patriotic, a truly *national* spirit. I, for one, believe that Gen. Foote has a genuinely generous nature, and that the warmth of his heart can only be surpassed by the heat of his brain. Bold, impetuous, excitable and extravagant as he is, no one, not a political rival, or opponent, can know him personally, or observe him long in the Senate without liking him—without feeling all bitter prejudices giving way before the happy good humor of his smile, the mischievous sparkle of his eye, and the boyish restlessness and springy alertness of his manner and action. But then, his belligerent propensities—his quarrelling and duelling! How he ever stood still long enough to be shot at, is a mystery to me,—and how any man could look into such a funny face and fire, is another.

To return to the oration—I must not forget to record its great and peculiar distinction. It was the first Fourth of July address I had ever heard or read, heard of, or read of, having no quotation from, no allusion to the heroes, poets, orators and philosophers of Greece and Rome. I had supposed a general sort of *pro tem* resurrection of those old worthies a necessary part of the programme of our annual glorification. This forbearance was the more commendable, as the General's fine classical attainments place under his command a most effective brigade of able-bodied ancients.

Mr. Clay bears up bravely against the extreme heat of the season, the wearying delays to which his favorite measure is subjected, and the opposition with which it is met by prominent representatives of both parties, North and South. He may be seen every morning at his post in the Senate—sitting quiet and erect, now and then turning to shake hands with a friend, smiling always as he does so, in his own illuminating way. He now speaks seldom and briefly, but his voice gives out still in its higher tones the same imperial or impassioned sound—still belongs to its lower tones the old beguiling music. When in moments of excitement he rises to speak, and stands so firm and proud, with his eye all agleam, while his voice rings out clear and strong, it almost seems that his apparent physical debility was but a sort of Richelieu *ruse*, and that the hot blood of youth was yet coursing through his veins, and the full vigor of manhood yet strong in every limb. The wonderful old man.

Saturday, P. M.

Have just returned from the President's Grounds, where every Saturday evening, is held one of the people's levees. It was a most animated and pleasant scene. We had fine music and many an agreeable chat with our friends. A lovelier sunset than that of to-night, I never beheld. At one time, the air about us became perfectly golden—my white gloves and veil assumed the fashionable corn-color, and the complexion of the friend with whom I was conversing, grew alarmingly bilious; but presently a soft pink light was shed over all, bringing a brilliant bloom to cheeks and lips, and also, roses! heightening magically and sometimes comically the effect of dress. We laughed a little at a distinguished Western Senator, who somewhat prides himself on his republican simplicity and democratic plainness, for the exquisite dandyism of rose-colored pantaloons.

The President was not visible—being out of health—a mere temporary indisposition it is to be hoped. Adieu.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

POSTSCRIPT.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR.

We stop the press to announce to our readers the melancholy intelligence of the death of General Zachary Taylor, President of the United States. General Taylor died on Tuesday, the 9th instant, at thirty-five minutes past ten o'clock, P. M. He had been lingering all day with his disease, the bilious diarrhoea. In the morning he was sensible of his critical condition, and when he was spoken to on the subject, he said he was prepared to die, if it was the will of God, as he had nothing to reproach his conscience with in the discharge of his public or private obligations. He did not doubt that he might have erred, but he felt that he had not done so intentionally.

Throughout the day, whenever he was awake, he was composed, and perfectly resigned to the result which he foresaw was inevitable; and while he avowed that it was painful to be separated from family and friends, he at the same time expressed his entire readiness to obey the decrees of Providence. His dying hours exhibited the same calm composure which he had evinced during the perils of the battle-field, and impressed those who were near him with a forcible conviction of his eminent merits. The Vice President, the Cabinet, the Mayor, the Marshal of the District, the attending physicians, and the family of Gen. Taylor surrounded his bedside. Gen. Taylor's last words were—"I AM PREPARED—I HAVE ENDEAVORED TO DO MY DUTY." Gen. Taylor had filled the Presidential Chair one year and three months.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE!

Philadelphia was visited on the afternoon and evening of the 9th, with the most destructive conflagration which has ever raged within her limits. The fire originated about 4½ P. M., in a store on the East side of Water St., below Vine. About half-an-hour after it broke out, it reached a large quantity of saltpetre, when a most terrible explosion took place, which communicated the flames to some twenty or thirty buildings, and killed and wounded a great number of persons—some being so charred and injured that it was impossible to recognize them. Probably about a dozen people were killed on the spot, and forty or fifty others seriously injured. This explosion naturally paralyzed the firemen for a time, which was another cause of the fire obtaining such headway.

About 11 o'clock, P. M., the firemen, by the most heroic and persevering efforts, succeeded in arresting the further advances of the flames. The burnt district then comprised the space included between Callowhill Street on the North, New Street (first street below Vine) on the South, Second Street on the West, and the Delaware River on the East—comprising some four squares, or twelve smaller blocks of houses, in which there were probably from two to three hundred buildings. The locality was one of the most densely populated in the city, and a large number of the residents being poor people, the amount of suffering is immense. The loss is estimated at from one to two millions of dollars.

The Cholera.—The cholera is very bad on the plains among the California emigrants—it also prevails with considerable virulence, at St. Louis, Nashville, Memphis, &c.

New Publications.

Dr. Johnson: his Religious Life and his Death. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

"Old Samuel Johnson," said Carlyle, "the greatest soul in England in his day, was not ambitious. 'Corsica Boswell' flaunted at public shows, with printed ribbons round his hat; but the great Old Samuel stayed at home. The world-wide soul, wrapt up in its thoughts, its sorrows—what could paradings and ribbons in the hat do for it?" And here we have "Old Samuel's" sorts, commented on, and illustrated and set up like a beacon to light other souls. The object of the work is a good one, and it has evidently been a labor of love with him who wrote it. This, perhaps, is sufficient apology for the appearance of another book on Dr. Johnson. The following paragraph from the Preface, contrasting the Doctor with Wesley, will give an idea of the style:

Two men of note might be seen contemporaneously in the streets of London. There was Wesley, in his band and cassock, with his long hair white and bright as silver, his face and manner indicating that all his minutes were numbered, and that not one was to be lost. Often irascible in temper, his countenance was calm; and he was remarkable for the cleanness and neatness of his appearance. And there was Johnson, issuing forth from the silent retreat of Bolt-court, bodily and bulkily, into the human tide of Fleet Street: one time swaying against a huge porter, who wisely contented himself with gazing in wonderment after his rolling antagonist; at another, lifting polluted misery out of the mire, and from the very jaws of starvation and death; and then seated on his throne, the chair of the Literary Club—he, the athletic and uncouth, in the old brown coat, and shabbier wig. Contrasts, indeed, these men in person, and, in great degree, in sentiment: both worthy of admiration and love; but the one of a deeper and more enduring fame than the other.

The Family Dentist; including the Surgical, Medical and Mechanical Treatment of the Teeth. Illustrated with 31 engravings. By Charles A. Du Bouchet, M. D., Dental Surgeon. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

Of late years the teeth have occupied a large share of professional attention, and many improvements have been made in the art of dentistry. In the little work before us, designed, apparently, as a text-book for those interested in the matter, are given the history of the dental science, the causes and modes of preventing decay, and a general view of the treatment of teeth diseases, from "the first set" upwards. The chapter on mechanical dentistry affords some very good hints in regard to the *modus operandi* of the profession.

The Practice of Medicine, on Thomsonian Principles, adapted as well to the use of Families as to that of the Practitioner; containing a biographical sketch of Dr. Thomson, etc., with practical directions for administering the Thomsonian medicines, vapor baths, emetics, etc.; and with a Materia Medica, adapted to the work. By J. W. Comfort, M. D. Philadelphia: A. Comfort.

Doctor Comfort, of this city, is well known as a successful practitioner of the Thomsonian method of curing disease, and his writings upon the subject have heretofore been widely circulated. As a practical guide to the knowledge of Thomsonian principles and practice, this work will doubtless be very valuable to those interested in the system, as well as to inquirers among the general public.

The Shoulder Knot; or, Sketches of the Three-Fold Life of Man. A Story of the Seventeenth Century. By B. F. Tefft. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

According to the Preface of this book, it proposes to "convey certain opinions to the public through the medium of an authentic story." What the opinions are we have not had an opportunity to learn by a perusal of the work; but, from a hasty glance, it strikes us that much interest and perhaps good can be found in its pages. The scene is in the time of Louis XIII. and the Cardinal Richelieu, an epoch certainly suggestive of any amount of romance.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon, Esq. With notes by the Rev. H. H. Milman. A new edition, to which is added a complete index of the whole work. In six vols. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

The sixth and last volume of this standard work is now issued, and the set can be had complete. The Index seems to have been prepared with much care, and the whole work is an unabridged copy of the original history. We understand that these volumes are part of a uniform series in contemplation, designed to embrace the best Historical Works extant.

Heloise; or, The Unrevealed Secret. A Tale. By Talvi. New York and Philadelphia: D. & G. S. Appleton.

This is a novel of Russian life, military and domestic. The theatre of part of the incidents is the Caucasian Mountains, and among the Circassians in revolt against the Czar. The story of the book is told with the pleasing simplicity of Miss Bremer's sketches of Norland, and we think it will find many readers and admirers.

☞ One of our exchanges says:—"Mr. Clay is gallanting Grace Greenwood about Washington." Another says: "Frederica Bremer, Ann S. Lynch, and others are now sojourning at the National Hotel. The ladies mentioned above, with a Hungarian heroine, and 'Grace Greenwood,' are among the daily attendants at the sittings of Congress, where they receive the homage of the members. I can very philosophically contemplate from my box among the reporters, the distant but quite observable homage paid in the galleries to these distinguished ladies, by 'their honors.'"

☞ A Slight Mistake.—A Fort Laramie letter giving an account of the great emigration now sweeping over the plains of California, says:—"The Indians begin to talk of emigration to the East, as they do not believe that many more whites can be left in that portion of the country."

☞ The Cleveland Herald says, that the Captain of the steamboat Southerner has furnished his boat with a sufficient number of planks to support one hundred and fifty people. In each plank is inserted loops of tarred rigging, and these boards of safety are arranged about the boat so as to be ready at a moment's warning.

☞ Horned Horse.—Mr. America Farrar, of Buckfield, has a horse with an appendage growing from the side of one ear, very like a horn.—It is about three inches in length, and at its base has muscular attachments, by which the animal is able to raise it at a right angle with the ear. It is a very singular affair.—*Lewistown (Me.) Journal.*

☞ One of the present Virginia members of the House of Congress did not know how to read at twenty years of age. His wife taught him his letters, and his own perseverance and good sense did the rest for him, and now he makes an excellent speech in Congress.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

Saturday, July 6, 1850.

REMARKS—Business continues exceedingly dull and inactive, as usual during the week of our National Anniversary. Cotton is held rather more firmly, in consequence of the favorable advices from Europe. In Breadstuffs and Provisions the transactions have been on a very restricted scale. Exchange on England has advanced; we quote at 110¼ a110½.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour are small. The market, however, is excessively dull, and prices have declined 6¼c per bbl; sales of 3,000 bbls standard and good brands at $5.12½; 100, some of better quality at $5.18¾; and extra at $5.[illegible]. The sales for city consumption are limited at $5.18¾ to 5.62½ for common and extra brands, and $[illegible] for fancy New York. Rye Flour is inactive; sales of 400 bbls at $2.87½. Corn Meal is dull, and prices hardly supported; sales of 500 bbls at a trifle below $2.87½ per bbl.

The amount of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending the 3d inst. was as follows:

Wheat Flour	bbls	[illegible]
do.	half bbls	[illegible]
Rye Flour	bbls	[illegible]
Corn Meal	bbls	[illegible]
do.	hhds	[illegible]

GRAIN—There is a moderate demand for Wheat, and prices are steady; sales of 10,000 bushels [illegible] $1.20a1.22, but principally at the former rate, [illegible] white at $1.28a1.30, including some inferior at $1 [illegible] per bushel. Rye is scarce, and worth [illegible]. The market is poorly supplied with Corn, but the [illegible] is limited; sales of 12,000 bushels yellow [illegible] afloat, closing dull at the latter rate. Oats [illegible] good demand; sales of 7,000 bushels prime Pennsylvania at 43½a44c per bushel; we quote Southern [illegible] 40a42c.

PROVISIONS—Pork is held firmly at $11 [illegible] per bbl for Mess, and $9.25 for *Prime*. City packed Mess Beef is steady at $12,50a13. Bacon—[illegible] are steady; sales of Hams at 8a10½, Sides [illegible], Shoulders at 5c; a sale of bulk Shoulders, [illegible] 4c per lb. Lard is held at 7½a7¾c per lb in bbls [illegible] kegs. In Butter and Cheese nothing doing.

AMERICAN FABRICS—Cotton Goods are held more firmly, but the sales are limited.

BARK—Quercitron is in good demand; sales of [illegible] hhds No. 1 at $40 per ton. Sales of Chesnut [illegible] $9a10, and Spanish at $12a13 per cord.

BEESWAX—We quote good Yellow at [illegible] per lb.

CANDLES—Limited sales at former rates.

COAL—Continues in limited request for shipment at steady prices. Cargo sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at 15c per bushel.

COFFEE—Market quiet; sales of [illegible] bags St. Domingo and Laguayra at 9a10c per lb on time.

COTTON—The market is rather firmer, but the manufacturers purchase cautiously; sales of [illegible] bales Upland and New Orleans at 12a14c per lb cash and on time, and some repacked at 10½a11[illegible].

DRUGS AND DYES—The market continues very quiet; considerable sales of Soda Ash were made from vessel at 2½c per lb, and from store at [illegible] cantars Brimstone and 20 casks Argols on private terms.

FEATHERS—Are dull; we quote Western at [illegible] a33 per lb.

FISH—Mackerel continue to arrive freely, and prices have further declined; sales of No. 1 Massachusetts at $9, No. 2 at $8, and No. 3 at $4.50 per bbl.

FRUIT—The market has been very quiet; sales of Bunch Raisins at $2.80 per box. A cargo of Pine Apples at —a8¼. 120 bags Sicily Walnuts and [illegible] berts on private terms. Dried Peaches are scarce and worth $2.62½a2.75 per bushel.

GINSENG—Is scarce; small sales of Crude at [illegible] per lb.

GUANO—The sales are limited at former rates.

HEMP—Market quiet and prices steady, with [illegible] sales.

HIDES—An import of 800 Pernambuco [illegible] private terms. There are none now remaining in first hands.

HOPS—Are dull; we quote Eastern at [illegible] per lb.

INDIGO—Prices are firm, but no large sales [illegible] transpired.

IRON—Market dull; small sales of No. 1 Anthracite at $20, and No. 2 at $18 per ton; [illegible] Coal, hot blast, on private terms. [illegible] and Boiler Iron, no change.

LEATHER—Stock much reduced, and prices fully maintained.

LUMBER—Of all descriptions is in good [illegible]; sales of a cargo of Eastern Laths at $1.[illegible]; Cedar Rails $1 25 and 40,000 Pickets at $[illegible] per M. [illegible] Pine Sap Boards at $12a13 per M feet.

The amount of Lumber shipped by the Lehigh Canal this season has been as follows:

Week ending the 29th ult.,	feet,	[illegible]
Previously this season,		[illegible]
Total		[illegible]

MOLASSES—Market firm; a cargo of [illegible] Trinidad sold on private terms kept secret, and [illegible] Porto Rico at about 26½c 4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—No large sales of Rosin or Pitch. Spirits of Turpentine sells in lots at [illegible] cts cash and on time.

OIL—There is a fair demand for Fish Oil at the former quotations. Linseed Oil sells in lots at [illegible] cts in casks and bbls.

PLASTER—Is dull; we quote Soft at $[illegible] per ton.

RICE—Sales of 100 tcs in lots at [illegible] per lb.

SALT—An import of 7,500 bushels, [illegible] Liverpool Ground sold on private terms.

SEEDS—There is nothing doing in any description worthy of notice.

SPICES—Market quiet, and prices steady; [illegible] of Nutmegs at $1 per lb.

SPIRITS—Prices of Brandy and Gin are [illegible]. N. E. Rum is firm at 28a29c. Whiskey [illegible] improved; sales in hhds at 23a24, and bbls [illegible] 24c.

SUGAR—Prices are fully maintained; sales of [illegible] hhds Porto Rico at [illegible] cts per lb on time, and [illegible] bbls and bags White Brazil, and 600 boxes Havana [illegible] private terms.

TALLOW—Is in limited request at former rates.

TEAS—There is no change to notice in the market.

TOBACCO—The market continues firm, and [illegible] 100 hhds Kentucky have been taken at full prices.

WINES—No large sales have come under our notice, and prices are steady.

WOOL—Supplies of the new clip continue to come in very freely; there is a good demand, and about 50,000 lbs have been taken at 31a42c per lb on time.

FREIGHTS—There is nothing offering to Liverpool, and the rates are nominal. Colliers are scarce and wanted; engagements to Boston have been made at $1.30a1.35, Albany and Troy $1 25, Rhode Island $1,05a1,10, and to New York at 80a85c per ton [illegible] *figures*.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations [illegible] on Monday last. Market closing firm.

	Bid.	Asked
U S 6's '56	106	107
" '62	111½	112½
" '67	115½	115¾
" '68	115¾	116¼
" 5s '53	100	101
" 5s '51	100½	—
July 1st off		
U S Tr N 6s	116	—
" 1 mill	115	—
Philada 6s	106½	107
" 5s	90	91
" " Gas	—	—
County 5s	89	89½
Penna 6s	100	—
" 5s	94	94½
Kentucky 6s	105	—
Tennessee 6s	83½	84
Illinois 6s	49	50
Cincinnati 6s	99	[illegible]
Texas T Notes	27	30
" bds 8s	—	39
Schuyl N 6s	57½	58
" int	65	—
Lehigh N 6s	74½	75
" 1st loan	71	72
" Mort 6s	95	96
C & Del Cl 6s	94	96
C & Am R bds	96½	97
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—
Susqueh Cl 6s	56	56½
Norrist'n R 6s	95	—
Harrisburg R 6s	91	92
Wil R 6s	91	92½
Read R 6s	72½	72¾
" Mort 6s	77	78
U S Bk Notes	10	—
U S Bk Share	2	2¼
N Amer Bk	137	—
Penna Bk	115	116
Philadelphia	137½	139
Far & Mec	68	68½
Commercial	59	—
N Liberty	58	—
Mechanics'	[illegible]	[illegible]

	Bid.	Asked
Southwark	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kensington	[illegible]	[illegible]
P Township	[illegible]	[illegible]
Girard	[illegible]	[illegible]
Western	[illegible]	[illegible]
Man & Mechs	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bk of Com	[illegible]	[illegible]
Camden N J	[illegible]	[illegible]
Germantown	[illegible]	[illegible]
Trenton Bkg Co	[illegible]	[illegible]
Pittsburg Bank	[illegible]	[illegible]
M & M Pitts	[illegible]	[illegible]
Exchange, Pitts	[illegible]	[illegible]
Com, Cincin	[illegible]	[illegible]
Louisville, Ky	[illegible]	[illegible]
Kentucky Bk	[illegible]	[illegible]
Northern	[illegible]	[illegible]
Union, Tenn	[illegible]	[illegible]
Planters, Tenn	[illegible]	[illegible]
Vicksburg	[illegible]	[illegible]
Com, Natchez	—	[illegible]
N O Gas Bk	[illegible]	[illegible]
Schuyl Nav	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lehigh Nav	[illegible]	[illegible]
C & Del Cl	[illegible]	[illegible]
Morris Cl	[illegible]	[illegible]
Penn & Ohio Cl	[illegible]	[illegible]
Union Cl	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cam & Am R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Penna R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Bea Mdw R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Lykens Val R	[illegible]	[illegible]
North Am Cl	—	[illegible]
Susqueh Cl	18	[illegible]
Norristown R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Harrisburg R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wilmington R	—	[illegible]
Reading R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Minehill R	[illegible]	[illegible]
N Liberty Gas	[illegible]	[illegible]
Flem Copper	1	[illegible]
N J Copper	[illegible]	[illegible]
N W Min Co	[illegible]	[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Philadelphia.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1850.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE.
No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

SINGULAR CASE.

In the last number of the "American Journal of the Medical Sciences," is an account of one of the most wonderful cases of recovery from what would seem fatal injury that we ever remember to have met with. It embraces no less than the fact of an iron bar being driven into a man's cheek, up through his brain, behind the temple, and out at the top of his head; and yet the individual has not been seriously harmed by it, has recovered, and walks the streets in good health. From the Report of the case, and an abstract in the *North American*, we learn that the sufferer in the case, Phineas P. Gage, a young man of twenty-five, "shrewd and intelligent," a contractor or head workman on the Rutland and Burlington Railroad, had charged with gunpowder a hole drilled in the rock, and directed his assistant to fill in the sand; supposing which done, he dropped his tamping iron into the hole to drive the sand home. It happened, however, through some inadvertence, that the sand had not been poured in; and the iron striking fire upon the rock, the powder was inflamed and the accident produced by the iron being blown out like a ramrod shot from a gun. The tamping iron was a round rod three feet seven inches in length, and an inch and a quarter in diameter, tapering to a point at the top, and weighing thirteen and a quarter pounds. The whole of this immense weight and length—this bar or bludgeon of iron—was driven through Gage's face and brain, as he stooped over the hole, in the act of tamping the sand. It struck him on the left cheek just behind and below the mouth, ascended into the brain behind the left eye, passed from the skull, which it shattered and raised up, "like an inverted funnel," for a distance of about two inches in every direction around the wound, flew through the air, and was picked up by the workmen, "covered with blood and brains," several rods behind where he stood. Gage, who was also more or less scorched, was prostrated, apparently less by the blow of the iron than the force of the explosion. He fell on his back, gave a few convulsive twitches of the extremities, but "spoke in a few minutes." His men placed him in an ox cart, in which he rode three quarters of a mile to his lodgings, sitting erect; got out of the cart himself, and with but little assistance; walked to the piazza and afterwards up stairs, talking rationally to the physicians and giving them a clearer account of the accident than his friends could; occasionally vomiting up blood, the effort of which caused hemorrhage from the wound, with the actual loss of a considerable portion of the substance of the brain. The left eye was dull and glassy, but was sensible to the impression of light. Gage bore his sufferings with heroic fortitude, telling Dr. Williams, "here is business enough for you," and expressing to Dr. Harlow the hope that "he was not much hurt."

Of course, it forms no part of our intention to give a detailed account of the treatment and management of the case, which was not varied by any circumstances of interest to persons not of the medical profession. We merely note, generally, that, for the first ten days, every thing went on well. Gage being, with some intervals of natural delirium from fever, pretty rational and hopeful; that, at the close of this period, he lost the sight of the left eye, and lay for nearly a fortnight in a semicomatose state, or partial stupor; that he then began to improve in body and mind, was, within two months, walking about in the street, in defiance of instructions; suffered a relapse in consequence; and, finally, being recovered from this, was, in the tenth week, free from pain and rapidly convalescing.

"The leading features of this case," says Prof. Bigelow, "is its improbability. A physician who holds in his hands a crowbar, three feet and a half long, and more than thirteen pounds in weight, will not readily believe that it has been driven with a crash through the brain of a man who is still able to walk off, talking with composure and equanimity of the hole in his head."

CALIFORNIA.

The steamship Philadelphia arrived at New York on the 7th, bringing two weeks later news from California.

The Philadelphia brings dates from San Francisco to the 1st of June, and two millions and a half dollars in gold. Two millions being on freight, and five hundred thousand in the hands of passengers.

The Georgia left Chagres on the 26th of June, thirty four hours ahead of the Philadelphia.

A body of Clear Lake Indians having committed an outrage on a white family as well as many incursions upon property, &c., a body of 75 dragoons, under Lieut. Davidson, was sent, with orders, if possible, to exterminate the whole tribe. They fell in with a body of from 200 to 300, and surrounding them, poured in a destructive fire, in which men, women and children fell, scarcely any escaping.

We also note disturbances in other portions of California between the whites and the Indians.

A State tax of $20 a month on *foreign* miners, is not paid very cheerfully by that portion (some 10 000) of the population.

From April 5th, to May 29th, the following were the arrivals:

	Male.	Female.	Total.
Americans,	4,930	159	5,089
Foreign,	1,808	190	1,998
Total,	6,738	349	7,087

The protracted high state of the water, had prevented much progress at the various diggings—there was no hope of a change for a fortnight. All that is done is by working top-dirt.

The following letter from Sonora will be interesting to those having friends in that region:

Stockton, Wednesday, May 22.

The first diggings which I visited, on my return trip, were those between Hawkins and Indian Bars, on the Tuolumne. Generally speaking, but little in the way of digging gold has been accomplished since last fall, along the banks of this river. The gold lies under water, in the bed of the river, and those who have been enabled to make a living during the Winter, have considered themselves well off. Companies have been organized along the whole extent of the river, and at every available point it will be dammed and turned, for the purpose of getting out the gold which is known to lie in the bed. The work of cutting canals and races has been going on for the last six months. Immense ditches have been dug, and extensive beds of rock have been blasted away during the Winter. An immense number of men may find employment at good wages on this river, when the water falls in August. Those who hire at $8 or $10 per day, will probably be no better in the end than if they worked on their own account, as the best places are all claimed, and the river bottom being rich, they will in many cases be enabled to secure good locations for the following seasons.

The next diggings I visited were those of Woods, Jamestown, Sonora, Sullivan's and Curtis's. Woods and Jamestown were partially deserted, on account of new diggings found at a place now called Columbia, three miles from the town of Sonora. Thither both traders and diggers had gone in large numbers, from the surrounding settlements. At last accounts there were two thousand persons at Columbia. Several large frame houses had been erected, and town lots were selling at good prices. Sonora is nearly as large as Stockton, and far ahead of it for gold, gals, monte, gambling, spreeing, &c.—it's a fast place, and no mistake. Every Sunday there is a horse race or a bull bait, and any number of fights and rows. Such a motley collection of Mexicans, Chilians, Frenchmen, Chinese, Jews, Jonathans, Paddies and Sawnies I had never seen together before in California.—There are some good houses and heavy trading establishments in Sonora. It is in the centre of an extensive mining region—a winter depot of provisions—a place of recreation for the people of the surrounding settlements, and the head-quarters of the Mexicans from the Province of Sonora. Here the Mexicans and Chilians, who had been driven from other settlements, have always worked unmolested. Sonora is destined to be the next town to Stockton, of importance, in the San Joaquin Valley. In every point of the compass, for a distance of twenty to thirty miles from Sonora gold is found in the gulches, which abound in this hilly region. Within the last two months discoveries of rich placers have been made in the plains, and even on the hill-sides. At Columbia some of the richest holes are twenty, thirty, and even fifty feet deep. I have heard a funny mining story, which I must relate here. A Mexican had dug a hole which was considered rich. An American worked hard for several days in sinking a hole a few yards distant. When he had got down about thirty feet he came to the Mexican, who was stretched at full length at the bottom, with a candle in one hand and a pick in the other! He had been undermined. The Mexican had got ahead of him and picked out all the big lumps. This species of burrowing is called *coyoteing*.—*Cor. Stockton Times.*

The Alta Californian says:

A block of California gold bearing quartz has been procured, at the expense of the State, to be contributed in the erection of the proposed monument to the memory of Washington at the seat of our General Government.

The block of gold bearing quartz is from the Mariposa Diggings, near Fremont's mines, and weighs about 125 pounds. In shape it is irregular, approaching a square, its sides varying from eighteen to twenty inches in length. It averages in thickness nine inches—across its surface diagonally it is twenty-one inches by measurement. Very little gold is perceptible to the naked eye, but it is estimated to contain about $50 worth.

Governor Burnett has invested our estimable fellow citizens, Hon. John Bidwell and Judge H. A. Schoolcraft with authority to attend personally to the transmission of this block of quartz to the States, and they leave in the Oregon, this day, to place this offering of Californian wealth and patriotism by the side of those from her sister States.

AFFECTING INTERVIEW.

The wife of Professor Webster and their three daughters, have had an interview with the Governor and Council of Massachusetts. "Mrs. Webster was dressed in deep mourning. Her three daughters seemed sorrow-stricken and almost heart-broken. Mrs. Webster is evidently a woman of great hope—firm and persevering to the last. The eldest daughter exhibits, in a great degree, the same valuable traits—doubly valuable during this most terrible struggle through which they have been called to pass. The other two do not look like the same beautiful girls who testified in behalf of their father at the trial. Their charmingly healthful appearance has been exchanged for one more sickly and sad."

The Governor and Council said all they could say, that they would save him if consistent with their duty.

Rev. Dr. Putnam communicated Professor Webster's "confession" to his family. This melancholy task was discharged by Dr. Putnam with all the tenderness possible. Mrs. Webster, it is said, "received the communication with firmness; she had probably long had misgivings of the truth; but the daughters were overwhelmed by the afflicting tidings."

THE WHEELING BRIDGE.

Chancellor Walworth, to whom the Wheeling Bridge case was referred by the United States Supreme Court, has submitted to the Court that the *bridge is a nuisance.*

Congressional News

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 2nd, Mr. Shields, from the Military Committee, reported a bill to reimburse the Common Council of New York, for expenses incurred in raising and fitting out the first regiment of New York Volunteers.

Mr. Yulee called up his resolution, fixing the 1st of August for adjournment of Congress.

Mr. Clay, as usual, opposed all departure from public business. He hoped Congress would never think of adjourning until some settlement of the agitating questions now pending should be had. He moved the postponement of the further consideration of the resolution for two weeks.

Mr. Yulee pressed his resolution; but, after some debate, a motion to postpone was agreed to, and the Omnibus Bill was taken up.

Mr. Upham resumed his remarks. He reviewed the bill, supported the President's policy, and contended for a separate consideration of California's claim to admission.

Mr. Seward then took the floor, and proceeded at considerable length to place California in what he averred was her true attitude as a prosperous, independent, truly-free State, asking admission, and offering us the keys to the treasures of the Eastern world. He felt entitled to ask a subdivision of this bill, so that he might vote for that which he approved, without voting at the same time for that which he did not approve, and thus place himself under full responsibility to the nation.

In respect to the claim of Texas, Mr. Seward argued that it was neither just or equitable. Nor was the proposition more satisfactory with regard to the purposes to which the Territory was to be applied. The soil of New Mexico, he was satisfied, was now free. It would be less safe if this bill should pass. Every phase of the compromise exhibited the dismemberment of the Territory of New Mexico, but she was to receive no equivalent.

He referred to the political character of New Mexico, claiming that she had all the elements of a Republic, all the elements, physical and moral, of a State subordinate to the United States, pressed by the jealousy of the Slave States and the encroachment of Texas. New Mexico implored our protection of her territory and Constitution. The pending bill compromised her claims by dividing her territory, giving a part to undisguised slavery, and the remainder to exposed freedom.

Mr. S. endeavored to show the injustice of this course, by comparing it with the act of Britain, which led to our independence. He called upon those individuals in New York city, who had requested him to vote for the bill, to consider the matter in this light, and then examine him, and inquire how he could be so lacking in justice and humanity. He proceeded to consider the Wilmot Proviso, asserting that it is necessary in New Mexico, and is offensive only in the sense that every bill of rights gives offence. Mr. Seward made a few more general remarks, and then gave way to a motion to adjourn, which was carried at 4, P. M., Mr. Bell having the floor.

On the 3rd, after some discussion, as to public opinion in Delaware, in regard to the Compromise Bill—the resolution on prohibiting the exercise of civil authority by military officers of the United States, and providing punishment for such crimes, was taken up, and after remarks by Mr. Houston, laid upon the table. Then came in order the Omnibus Bill.

Mr. Bell spoke. He thought the bill a mere expedient, a palliative. He considered its provisions to involve many incongruities. He referred specifically to various imputations cast on the President's course by Mr. Clay and others.

Mr. Clay rejoined. He had heard of the President's calling the bill in terms of ridicule—the Omnibus. And then it was that he felt called upon to vindicate the measure, as he would ever do against a thousand Presidents! [Great applause in the galleries.]

Mr. Bell replied, denying for himself and others, that any control or influence, had power over their actions. He then gave way to a motion to postpone the further consideration of the subject until Friday, which was agreed to.

The Senate then adjourned to Friday.

On the 5th, the Omnibus Bill was taken up, and Mr. Bell resumed his defence of the Executive. He intimated, however, that he would vote for the bill—although he did not think it a commendable measure. Mr. Bell gave way for a motion to adjourn.

On the 6th, Mr. Bell concluded his speech, having spoken three hours more. He treated the subject in all its bearing, and was conciliatory and liberal towards the North. He reviewed the history of slavery in this country, admitting it to be a most blighting evil, much as viewed at the North. He expressed his belief that it would be eventually exterminated, as well as all other forms of bondage, but now was not the time for such a work.

Mr. Smith next took the floor, but yielded to a motion for Executive Session, which was agreed to, and the Senate, soon after, adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 2nd, the House resumed the consideration of the report of the Galphin Committee, and Mr. Breck concluded his remarks in favor of the payment of the principal and interest of the claim.

Mr. Schenck held that—no matter whether the amount paid was much or little—the House should not approve of the Secretary of War being engaged in the prosecution of a claim, and he at this time holding office as head of the Executive Department. This opinion he presented in the form of a resolution.

A discussion then took place, in which Mr. Stephens, of Ga., defended Mr. Crawford, and Messrs. Featherston and Disney opposed the claim. Then Mr. Schenck withdrew his resolution, and offered the following

Resolved, That while the House, after a full investigation of the matter, does not find cause to impute to the Secretary of War any corrupt conduct or fraudulent practice in prosecuting the allowance and payment of the claim of the representatives of George Galphin; yet it does disapprove his relation to that claim in this, that he continued to be interested in the prosecution of it while it was to be examined, adjusted and paid by one of the departments of the Government, he himself at the same time holding office at the head of one of those departments.

Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, proposed an amendment by inserting, after the word approve, the following—

"But decidedly disapproves and dissents from opinion given by the Attorney General in favor of an allowance of interest on said claim, and for the action of the Secretary of the Treasury in payment of the same, and it does not approve of the relation of the said Secretary of the Treasury to that claim in this," &c.

The House then adjourned.

On the 3rd, Mr. Morse moved that when the House adjourn, it be to meet on Saturday, (after the 4th of July.) Mr. Jones moved to insert Friday instead of Saturday. The question was taken on this amendment, and decided affirmatively—yeas 87, nays 63.

The resolution as amended then passed—yeas 94, nays 72.

Mr. Holmes asked leave to introduce a resolution, in regard to enforcing our claims against Hayti. Mr. Jones objected.

The Galphin Claim then came up, and Mr. McKissock delivered a legal argument in favor of paying the claim, principal and interest.

Mr. Thompson, of Miss., modified his amendment, previously offered, so as to express total dissent from the President's opinion that, not to deprive Mr. Crawford of the rights he may have had justified him in having the examination and decision of the claim by the Secretary of the Treasury suspended.

Mr. Schenck also modified his own amendment.

Mr. Carter thought it was time the House should be ferreting out existing impurities. He said he was willing to allow twenty-five per cent. for plunder; but this does not come within the rule of twenty-five per cent, for a profligacy of a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars which was given to Mr. Crawford; because three quarters of a century ago, Galphin was a patriot; and Crawford takes from the representatives one-half of their patrimony. Mr. Galphin was an Indian trader—his business was to step over the frontier line and sell the Indians cakes and whiskey. He was a whiskey patriot.

Mr. Burke assured Mr. Carter that he totally misconceived the character of Mr. Galphin. Galphin was a South Carolinian, and some of his descendants are Carolinians. More honorable and purer blood never flowed in veins.

Mr. Carter said he had no doubt the blood was as honorable as that in anybody's body, but not more so. Blood generally circulates through the arteries and venous system. The talk of high, noble blood, and all that sort of stuff, had no effect on him. Galphin might have been a patriot, but he gave to the world doubtful evidence of it. If Mr. Crawford is an honest man, he has an opportunity of showing it, by paying back the money, whatever resolution may pass. The public mind will render but one verdict, and that is, that Mr. Crawford is guilty.

Mr. Houston characterized the speech as extraordinary, [illegible] member from Ohio, who condemned the last and present Congress, the Cabinet, and all who vindicate and justify the payment of the claim. He was content that Mr. Carter should have all the benefit of such denunciations; it did not accord with any sentiment which he, Mr. Houston, entertained of personal honor or integrity, to seize hold of this subject and turn it to the purposes of party; and the member goes further, after having denounced the Secretary of War as a corrupt and dishonorable man, and holds him up guilty of all, on the ground that he had money to make by the transaction. He hoped that it was not a fellow feeling which makes him wondrous kind. In conclusion, Mr. Houston vindicated Mr. Crawford, saying not the slightest blot of fraud or abuse attached to any of the Cabinet.

Mr. King began to speak in favor of the claim but yielded to a motion, by which the House adjourned.

On the 5th, a long discussion arose on the question of privilege, as regarded a request made by Mr. Giddings, that an inquiry be made into the truth of certain charges in the Boston Atlas, to the effect that he (Mr. G.) had abstracted from the Post-Office Department, several papers relating to the appointment or removal of the Oberlin Post-Master. After several decisions and appeals, the question was taken on: "Does the subject matter brought before the House, involve a question of privilege, and it was decided in the negative, yeas 71, nays 89.

On this, Mr. Giddings asked leave to make a statement to the House; which was granted;—whereupon he said that he had never seen the papers above alluded to, nor knew of a single name on them. He had never called on the Assistant Postmaster save in relation to Post Offices in his own district—Mr. Giddings thus denied everything, and thanked the House for the courtesy extended to him.

The Galphin Report then came up, and Messrs. King (of N. J.) and Conrad, spoke in favor of the Secretary of War. The House then adjourned.

On the 6th, Mr. Matteson made a statement at the instance of Col. Warren, the Second Assistant Post Master General, denying what Mr. Giddings had asserted in relation to the examination of certain papers in the Department relative to the appointment and removal of the Postmaster at Oberlin, Ohio, and which papers, as was charged by a Washington correspondent of the Boston Atlas, Mr. Giddings purloined and franked to Oberlin. He also said that Col. Warren knew nothing about the paternity of the letter.

Mr. Giddings repeated what he had said, that he had never examined the papers, and that he knew not one of the names attatched to them.

On motion of Mr. Baker, a Committee of five were ordered to be appointed, to investigate the charges against the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, of improperly abstracting the papers, and that they be authorized to send for persons and papers.

The consideration of the report of the Committee on the Galphin Claim was resumed.

Messrs. Stanley and Clarke spoke in favor of the allowance of principal and interest.

Mr. Burt followed on the opposite side, making the concluding speech.

The pending question was stated. The Committee had offered the following resolutions:—1st, That the claim was not just; 2nd, That the principal was authorized to be paid by the Secretary of the Treasury, by law; 3rd, That the law did not authorize the payment of the interest.

Mr. Toombs had offered an amendment, to the effect that there was no evidence submitted by the Committee which impugns the personal or official conduct of Mr. Crawford, in relation to the settlement of the said claim by the proper officers of the Government.

Mr. Schenck had moved to amend, as follows:—

"Provided, however, that this House is not to be understood as approving his relation to the claim in continuing to be interested in the prosecution of it, when it was to be examined, adjusted and paid by one of the Departments of the Government—he himself being at the same time at the head of another of the Departments; but this House considers that such connection and interest of a member of the Cabinet with a claim pending and prosecuted before another Department, would be dangerous as a precedent, and ought not to be sanctioned."

This was agreed to—yeas 158, nays 25.

The question was taken on the amendment of Mr. Toombs, as thus amended, and it was negatived—yeas 82, nays 95.

Mr. Schenck's substitute for the resolutions of the Select Committee, was now read. It was exactly the same as the resolution of Mr. Toombs, and his amendment thereto, as above.

Mr. Thompson, of Mississippi, had offered to amend by making an addition. The question was taken on the first branch of it, which is as follows:—

And consequently, that the House also totally dissents from the correctness of the opinion, expressed by the President of the United States to the said Secretary of War, that his (Crawford's) being at the head of the War Department, and the agent of the claimants, did not take from him any rights he may have had as such agent, as would have justified him in having the examination and decision of the claim by the Secretary of the Treasury suspended. This was agreed to—yeas 91, nays 86. The House then adjourned.

The Boston Tragedy

WEBSTER'S CONFESSION
OF THE
MURDER OF DR. PARKMAN.

Boston, July 2, 1850.

At the meeting of the Council this morning, the case of Prof. Webster was referred to a Committee. Before the Committee, at 12 o'clock, appeared the Rev. Dr. Putnam, the spiritual adviser of the condemned, with a petition for a commutation of punishment, together with a confession that he killed Dr. Parkman.

The reverend gentleman prefaced the statement by a few remarks relative to the manner in which that confession was made to him. He stated that he had no previous acquaintance with Prof. Webster, before called to act in the capacity of his spiritual adviser. In the first few weeks of his visit he sought no acknowledgment of the prisoner. At length, on the 23rd of May, he visited him in his cell, and demanded of him, for his own well-being, that he should tell the truth in regard to the matter, and he acceded to the request by making a statement, which was now submitted to the consideration of the Council. It was, in substance, as follows:—

On Tuesday, 20th of November, I sent a note to Dr. Parkman, which, it appears, was carried by the boy Maxwell; I handed it to Littlefield, unsealed; it was to ask Dr. Parkman to call at my rooms on Tuesday, the 23rd, after my lecture; he had become, of late, very importunate for his pay; he had threatened me with a suit, to put an officer in my house, and to drive me from the Professorship if I did not pay him. The purport of my note was simply to ask the conference; I did not tell him in it what I could do or what I had to say about the payment; I wished to gain for those few days a release from his solicitations to which I was liable every day, on occasions, and in a manner very disagreeable and alarming,—and also to arrest, for so long a time at least, the fulfilment of recent threats of severe measures; I did not expect to be able to pay him when Friday should arrive; my purpose was, if he should accede to the proposed interview, to state to him my embarrassments, and utter inability to pay him at present; to apologize for those things in my conduct which had offended him—to throw myself upon his mercy—to beg for further time and indulgence, for the sake of my family, if not for myself, and to make as good promises to him as I could have any hope of keeping. I did not hear from him on that day, nor on the next, (Wednesday,) but I found on Thursday he had been abroad in pursuit of me, without finding me; I imagined he had forgotten the appointment, or else did not mean to wait for it; I feared he would come in upon me at my lecture hour, or while I was preparing my experiments for it, therefore I called at his house on that morning (Friday) between 8 and 9 o'clock, to remind him of my wish to see him at the College at half-past one—my lecture closing at one—I did not stop to talk with him, for I expected the conversation would be a long one, and I had my lecture to prepare, for it was necessary for me to have my time, and also to keep my mind free from other exciting matters. Dr. Parkman agreed to call on me as I proposed; he came, accordingly, between half-past one and two o'clock, entering at the lecture-room door; I was engaged in removing some glasses from my lecture room table, into the room in the rear, called the upper laboratory; he came rapidly down the step, and followed me into the laboratory; he immediately addressed me with great energy: "Are you ready for me, sir? Have you got the money?" I replied, "No, Doctor Parkman," and was then beginning to state my condition and my appeal to him, but he would not listen to me, and interrupted me with much vehemence; he called me scoundrel and liar, and went on heaping on me the most bitter taunts and opprobrious epithets; while he was speaking, he drew a handful of papers from his pocket, and took from among them my two notes, and also an old letter from Dr. Hosack, written many years ago, and congratulating him on his success in getting me appointed Professor of Chemistry. "You see," he said, "I got you into your office, and now I will get you out of it." He put back into his pocket all the papers except the letter and the notes.

I cannot tell how long the torrent of threats and invectives continued, and I cannot recall to memory but a small portion of what he said. At first, I kept interposing, trying to pacify him, so that I might obtain the object for which I sought the interview; but I could not stop him, and soon my own temper was up. I forgot every thing, and felt nothing but the sting of his words. I was excited to the highest degree of passion, and while he was speaking and gesticulating in the most violent and menacing manner, thrusting the letter and his fist into my face, in my fury I seized whatever thing was handiest (it was a stick of wood) and dealt him an instantaneous blow with all the force that passion could give it. I did not know, or think, or care, where I should hit him, nor how hard, nor what the effect would be; it was on the side of his head, and there was nothing to break the force of the blow; he fell instantly on the pavement; there was no second blow; I stooped down over him, and he seemed to be lifeless; blood flowed from his mouth, and I got a sponge and wiped it away; I got some ammonia and applied it to his nose, but without effect; perhaps I spent ten minutes in attempts to resuscitate him; but I found he was absolutely dead.

In my horror and consternation, I ran instinctively to the doors and bolted them—the doors of the lecture room and of the laboratory below—and then what was I to do? It never occurred to me to go out and declare what had been done, and obtain assistance; I saw nothing but the alternative of a successful movement, and concealment of the body, on the one hand, and of infamy and perdition on the other. The first thing I did, as soon as I could do anything, was to draw the body into the private room adjoining; there I took off the clothes and began putting them into the fire which was burning in the upper laboratory; they were all consumed there that afternoon, with papers, pocket-book, and whatever they contained; I did not examine the pockets, nor remove any thing except the watch; I saw that, or the chain of it hanging out; I took it and threw it over the bridge as I went to Cambridge; my next move was to get the body into the sink, which stands in the small private room; by setting the body partially erect against the corner, and by getting up into the sink myself, I succeeded in drawing it up there; it was entirely dismembered—it was quickly done, as a work of terrible and desperate necessity—the only instrument was the knife found by the officers in the tea chest, which I kept for cutting corks.

I made no use of the Turkish knife, as it was called, at the trial—that had long been kept on my parlor mantel-piece, in Cambridge, as a curious ornament. My daughters frequently cleaned it, hence the marks of oil and whiting found on it. I had lately brought it into Boston to get the silver sheath repaired. While dismembering the body, a stream of Cochituate water was running through the sink, carrying off the blood in a pipe that passed down through the lower laboratory,—there must have been a leak in the pipe, for the ceiling below was stained immediately around it. The was a fire burning in the furnace of the lower laboratory. Littlefield was mistaken in thinking there had never been a fire there. He had probably never kindled one, but I had done it myself several times. I had done it that day for the purpose of making oxygen gas.

The head and the viscera were put into that furnace that day, and the fuel heaped on. I did not examine at night, to see to what degree they were consumed. Some of the extremities were put in there, I believe, on that day. The pelvis, and some of the limbs, perhaps, were all put under the lid of the lecture room table, in what is called the well,—a deep sink lined with lead. A stream of Cochituate was turned into it, and kept running through it all Friday night. The thorax was put into a similar well, in the lower laboratory, which I filled with water, and threw in a quantity of potash which I found there.—This disposition of the remains was not changed till after the visit of the officers on Monday.

When the body had been thus all disposed of, I cleared away all traces of what had been done; I think the stick with which the fatal blow had been struck, proved to be a piece of the stump of a large grape vine—say two inches in diameter, and two feet long. It was one of several pieces which I had carried in from Cambridge, long before, for the purpose of showing the effect of certain chemical fluids in coloring wood, by being absorbed into the pores. The grape vine being a very porous wood, was well adapted to this purpose. Another longer stick had been used as intended, and exhibited to the students; this one had not been used; I put it into the fire.

I took up the two notes either from the table or the floor, I think the table, close by where Dr. Parkman had fallen. I seized an old metallic pen lying on the table, and dashed it across the face and through the signatures, and put them in my pocket. I do not know why I did this rather than put them in the fire, for I had not considered for a moment what effect either mode of disposing of them would have on the mortgage, or my indebtedness to Dr. Parkman and the other persons interested, and I had not yet given a single thought to the question as to what account I should give of the objects or result of my interview with Dr. Parkman. I never saw the sledge hammer spoken of by Littlefield, never knew of its existence—at least, I have no recollection of it.

I left the College to go home as late as six o'clock. I collected myself as well as I could that I might meet my family and others with composure. On Saturday, I visited my rooms at the College, but made no change in the disposition of the remains, and laid no plans as to my future course. On Saturday evening I read the notice in the "Transcript" respecting the disappearance. I was then deeply impressed with the necessity of immediately taking some ground as to the character of my interview with Parkman, for I saw that it must become known that I had such an interview, as I had appointed it, first by an unsealed note on Tuesday,—and on Friday had myself called at his house in open day, and ratified the arrangement,—and had there been seen—and had probably been overheard by the man servant; I knew not by how many persons Dr. P. might have been seen entering my rooms, or how many persons he might have told by the way where he was going; the interview would, in all probability, be known, and I must be ready to explain it. The question excited me much, but on Sunday my course was taken.

I would go into Boston, and be the first to declare myself the person, as yet unknown, with whom Dr. P. had made the appointment. I would take the ground that I had invited him to the College, to pay him money, and that I had paid it; accordingly, I fixed upon the sum by taking the small note and adding interest, which it appears I cast erroneously. If I had thought of this course earlier, I should not have deposited Pettee's check for $90 in the Charles River Bank, on Saturday, but should have suppressed it as going so far to make up the sum which I was to have professed to have paid the day before, and which Pettee knew I had by me at the hour of interview. It had not occurred to me that I should ever show the notes cancelled in proof of it, or I should have destroyed the large note, and let it be inferred that it was gone with the missing man, and should only have kept the small one, which was all that I could pretend to have paid. My single thought was concealment and safety—everything else was incidental to that. I was in no state to consider my ulterior pecuniary interest. Money, though I needed it so much, was of no account with me in that condition of mind.

If I had designed and premeditated the homicide of Dr. Parkman, in order to get the possession of the notes, and cancel my debt, I not only should not have deposited Pettee's check the next day, but I should have made some show of getting and having the money the morning before; I should have drawn my money from the Bank, and taken occasion to mention to the cashier that I had a sum to make up on that day for Dr. Parkman, and the same to Henchman, when I borrowed the ten dollars, I should have remarked that I was so much short of a large sum that I was to pay Parkman; I borrowed the money of Henchman as mere pocket money for the day. If I had intended the homicide of Dr. Parkman, I should not have made the appointment with him twice, and each time in so open a manner that other persons would almost certainly know of it; I should not have invited him to my rooms at an hour when the College would have been full of students and others, an hour when I was most likely to receive calls from others, for that was the hour just after the Lecture, at which persons having business with me or in my rooms, were always directed to call; I looked into my rooms on Sunday afternoon but did nothing; after the first visit of the officers, I took the pelvis and some of the limbs from the upper well, and threw them into the vault under the privy; I took the thorax from the well below, and packed it in the tea chest as found; my own impression has been that this was not done till after the second visit of the officers, which was on Tuesday; but Kingsley's testimony shows that it must have been done sooner; the perforation of the thorax had been made by the knife, at the time of removing the viscera, on Wednesday, I put on kindlings and made a fire in the furnace below, having first poked down the ashes; some of the limbs, I cannot remember which or how many, were consumed at that time; this was the last I had to do with the remains; the tin box was designed to receive the thorax, though I had not concluded where I should finally put the box. The fish hooks tied up as grapples were used for drawing up the parts in the vaults whenever I should determine how to dispose of them and get strains enough; I had a confused double object in ordering the box, and making the grapples; I had before intended to get such things to send to Fayal; the box to hold the plants and other articles which I wished to protect from the salt water and the sea air, and the hooks to be used there in obtaining Corralline plants from the sea.

It was this previously intended use of them that suggested and mixed itself up with the idea of the other application; I doubt even now to which use they would have been applied; I had not used the hooks at the time of the discovery. The tan put into the tea chest was taken from a barrel of it that had been in the laboratory for some time; the bag of tan brought in on Monday was not used, nor intended to be used; it belonged to a quantity obtained by me a long time ago for experiments in tanning, and was sent in by the family to get it out of the way. Its being sent in just at that time was accidental. I was not aware that I had put the knife in the chest. The stick found in the saucer of ink was for making coarse diagrams on cloth. The bunch of filed keys had been used long ago by me in Fruit street, and thrown carelessly into a drawer; I never examined them, and do not know whether they would fit any of the locks of the College or not. If there were other keys fitting doors with which I had nothing to do, I supposed they must have been all duplicates, or keys of former locks left there by the mechanics or janitor.

I know nothing about them, and should never be likely to notice them among the multitude of articles, large and small of all kinds, collected in my rooms. The janitor had furnished me with a key to the dissecting room for the admission of medical friends visiting the College, but I had never used it. The nitric acid on the stairs was not used to remove spots of blood but was dropped by accident. When the officers called for me on Friday, the 30th, I was in doubt whether I was under arrest, or whether a more strict search of my rooms was to be had—the latter hypothesis being hardly less appalling than the former. When I found that we went over Craigie's Bridge, I thought the arrest most probable; when I found that the carriage was stopping at the jail, I was sure of my fate. Before leaving the carriage, I took a dose of strychnine from my pocket, and swallowed it. I had prepared it in the shape of a pill before I left my laboratory, on the 23rd. I thought I could not survive detection. I thought it was a large dose—the state of my nervous system, probably, defeated its action partially—the effects of the poison were terrible beyond description; it was in operation at the College, and before I went there, but most severely afterwards.

I wrote but one of the anonymous letters produced at the trial,—the one mailed at East Cambridge; the little bundle referred to in the letter detained by the jailor, contained only a bottle of Citric Acid, for domestic use. I had seen it stated in a newspaper that I had purchased a quantity of Oxalic Acid, which, it was presumed, was to be used in removing blood stains. I wished the parcel to be kept untouched, that it might be shown, if there should be occasion, what it really was that I had purchased. I have drawn up in separate papers an explanation of the use I intended to make of the blood sent for on Thursday, 22nd, and of the conversation with Littlefield about the dissecting vault; I think that Pettee, in his testimony on the trial, put too strongly my words about having settled with Dr. P.; whatever I did say of the kind was in the hope I entertained that I should be able to pacify Dr. P., and make some arrangements with him, and was said in order to quiet Pettee, who was becoming restive under the solicitation of Dr. P.

[After Dr. Webster had stated most of the facts recorded above, on the 23rd of May, this question, with all the earnestness, solemnity and authority of [illegible], was addressed to him:]

Dr. Webster, in all probability your days are numbered;—you cannot, you dare not, speak falsely to me now—you must not die with a lie in your mouth—so prove to yourself that your repentance for the other sins of your past life is sincere. Tell me the truth, then,—a confidence to be kept sacred during your lifetime, and as much longer as my regard for the happiness of your family shall seem to me to require, and the interest of truth and justice to permit—search to the bottom of your heart for the history of your motives and tell me, before God, did it never occur to you before the decease of Dr. Parkman, that his death, if you could bring it to pass, would be of great advantage to you, or at least that personal injury to him might possibly be the result of your expected conference with him? As a dying man, I charge you to answer me truly and exactly, or else be silent; had you not such a thought? "No, never!" said he, with energy and feeling, "as I live, and as God is my witness, never! I was no more capable of such a thought, than one of my innocent children. I never had the remotest idea of injuring Dr. P., until the moment the blow was struck."

Dr. P. was extremely severe and sharp, the most provoking of men, and I am irritable and passionate—a quick-handed and brief violence of temper has been a besetting sin of my life. I was an only child, much indulged, and I have never acquired the control over my passions which I ought to have acquired early, and the consequence is all this. But you notified Dr. Parkman to meet you at a certain hour, and told him you would pay him when you knew you had not the means? No, he replied, I did not tell him I would pay him, and there is no evidence that I told him so, except my own words spoken after his disappearance, and after I had determined to take the ground that I had paid him, those words were the miserable tissue of falsehood to which I was committed from the moment I had began to conceal the homicide; I never had a thought of injuring Dr. P. [This was accompanied by the statement in which Prof. Webster attempts to explain as to his seeing Littlefield about sending for blood, and inquiring about gases from the vault.]

After reading the statement, Dr. Putnam proceeded to argue as to its truthfulness, saying that it was made when the writ of error was still pending; also that Professor Webster's estate was worth several thousand dollars, and that he was not in such a strait as to commit such a crime deliberately. The previous petition from Professor Webster, protesting his innocence and praying for absolute pardon, he said was got up by his family, who were unwavering in their belief in his innocence until his confession was communicated to them about a week since. He concluded in asserting his belief that the confession was true.

His Petition for Pardon, in which he Solemnly Declares his Innocence. Withdrawn.

The following is a copy of the Petition of Professor Webster to the Governor and Council of the State, alluded to above, which he withdrew previous to the statement above made:

To His Excellency, George W. Briggs, and to the Hon. Council of the State of Massachusetts:

Having been convicted before the Supreme Judicial Court, of the murder of Dr. Parkman, I would most respectfully and humbly petition your Excellency and the Honorable Council, to be permitted to declare, in the most solemn manner, that I am entirely innocent of the awful crime—that I never entertained any other than the kindest feelings towards him, and that I never had any inducement to injure him whom I have so long numbered among my best friends.

To Him "who seeth in secret," and before whom I may ere long be called to appear, would I appeal for the truth of what I now declare, as also for the solemn declaration, that I had no agency in placing the remains of a human body in or under my room in the Medical College in Boston, nor do I know by whom they were so placed there. I am the victim of circumstances, or a foul conspiracy, or of the attempt of some individuals to cause suspicion to fall upon me, influenced, perhaps, by the prospect of obtaining a large reward.

When first charged with this dreadful crime, I did not publish to the world a declaration of my innocence or any explanation of the circumstances tending to bring suspicion on me; solely in consequence of entire ignorance of the course I ought to adopt, and implicit reliance on the calmer judgment of others. I had, however, prepared for publication a document to that effect, but as there was a strong disposition from the first to misinterpret my every look, action and expression, it was deemed more advisable for me to preserve and maintain silence.

The document was, therefore, with no struggle on my part, withheld. Immediately upon my arrest, every means was resorted to, to bend even the most trifling appearances in my laboratory, and insignificant circumstances, to add to the suspicions, and to pervert them to my disadvantage.

In the state of mind in which I was, silence was constantly urged upon me; and I complied more strictly, perhaps, than I ought to have done. Every method of poisoning the public mind, and of exciting prejudice against me, was resorted to. Falsehoods, imputations and fabrications were daily diffused; and I soon perceived that the contradiction of one would lead to others, and that the refutation of them all would be an endless task. I therefore submitted in silence and resignation, believing that the time must shortly arrive when He "who bringeth light out of darkness," would cause the truth to appear, and my innocence be made manifest to all.

Had I previously been aware of the use that was to be made of some circumstances on my trial, to give an unjust and erroneous impression, if unexplained, I should have been provided with evidence to explain them most satisfactorily.

Some of the statements, references and circumstances, however, could not be fully explained or disproved; unfortunately, I could not avail myself of the proof to do it. I now pray your honors that the evidence may be received by you, and that the testimony of my wife may be heard and received, as also my own statements and explanations.

Repeating, in the most solemn and positive manner, and under the fullest sense of my responsibility as a man and a Christian, that I am wholly innocent of this charge—to the truth of which, the "Searcher of all Hearts" is a witness.

I would humbly and respectfully pray that the privilege I have asked may be granted. I do this under the full belief that the testimony and explanations I may, and would now offer, are such as will disprove many things, and impair very greatly the evidence of at least two witnesses, and place in their true light circumstances now obscure.

On this review of my case, your honors will, I trust, find sufficient reasons for reversing the decisions of the Court, and for the interposition of mercy. The knowledge of my feelings and habits, and of my various engagements and occupation of time, both before and after the disappearance of Dr. Parkman, have, from the first, been sufficient assurances to my afflicted family of my innocence, and now that their trust in Him who has sustained both them and me in our days and nights of sorrow and sadness, has been shaken by the unlooked for result of my trial, they would pray to be permitted to unite with Him their sole earthly dependence in this petition.

Believing that your Excellency and the Honorable Council will find sufficient grounds for granting to me a pardon, and of restoring to them the husband and father, for which I most respectfully and humbly pray.

Signed, JOHN W. WEBSTER.

Withdrawn on application of Dr. Webster, June 4, 1850.

Clippings.

Why should not he, whose touch dissolves our chain,
Put on his robes of beauty, when he comes
As a deliverer? He hath many forms:
They should not all be fearful.

☞ An English paper has a story of a master of a Maltese vessel, married to a young person of Falmouth, who was detained in a Greek port, by the blockade, at the time of his wife's confinement; he so disliked the thought of the little one being a Greek, that a Union Jack was taken ashore and substituted for the counterpane of the bed. In spite of the locality, therefore, it was undeniable that the child was born under the British Flag.

☞ A great woman not imperious, a fair woman not vain, a woman of common talents not jealous, and an accomplished woman not desiring to shine—are four wonders, just great enough to be divided among the four quarters of the globe.

☞ In Berlin, a section of society, called the Pferdefresser, has emancipated itself from certain prejudices to food, and "greatly daring," meets and dines on horse flesh. At these banquets every dish is horse—soup, chops, cutlets, and rots, all are equine.

☞ The Boston Transcript says that a reconciliation has taken place between Littlefield and Professor Webster, and that a mutual wish for an interview has been expressed, which the Sheriff has consented to grant.

☞ Blessing a Steam Engine.—At the recent opening of a railroad at St. Quentin, France, the *engines* received the benediction of the Bishop. He descended from the platform, and sprinkling holy water on the road and the engines, pronounced three times a solemn blessing.

☞ "Among all her seaward-looking cliffs, Spain *has not a single light house*, from the Pyrenees to Point Europa; she has no railroads, no canals, no telegraphs; and till lately there has been no safety for travellers on the highways."

☞ A female mummy, that *was* a female, was unrolled at the residence of Lord Londesborough, at Picadilly, by Mr. Birch, of the British Museum, on the 10th ult. Like "our mummy," she was a priestess of Isis. She flourished about 700 B. C., and her name was Ancheseri. She was hardly in so good a condition as "ours," for her bones were so charred and her muscles so calcined, that the limbs broke off in fragments at the least pressure.—This was owing, the lecturer averred, to the swindling of the undertakers, who cabbaged the gums and made too free use of bitumen. Those old time sextons are well nigh used up. Brother Jonathan proves them blockheads, and John Bull proves them knaves.

General News.

FROM HAVANA.

The U. S. Mail Steamship Georgia, which arrived at New York on the 8th, brings a large amount of gold dust, and a number of passengers. She brings also the United States Mail from San Francisco to June 1st, received at Panama by the steamship Oregon. She sailed from Havana on the 4th of July, and thus brings news twelve days later than we have received by previous arrivals.

The United States frigate Congress, and sloop of war Germantown, were still at anchor in the port of Havana.

Nothing definite has yet been ascertained as to the fate of the American prisoners confined on board of the Spanish man of war Soberano. It was reported, on the authority of the British Consul, that nine of the prisoners had died, but the chief authorities said that they were all alive.

The Cholera had ceased its ravages, and Havana was very healthy. The Nicaragua Mail from the United States, containing Government despatches, was lost on the Lucy Ellen.

It was reported that a revolution had broken out in Costa Rica. No particulars are given, but it is said that General Flores was shot.

Paine's Light.—The Report of the Investigating Committee that went on from New York to Worcester, to examine Paine's new light is at length published. They are decidedly of the opinion that there is juggling in the production of the gas. Mr. Charles Roome makes the Report, and it is endorsed by other gentlemen of the Committee. He concludes as follows:

I have seen nothing which induces me to believe that Mr. Paine has made *any discovery whatever*. I did not see the gas made, nor was I satisfied as to the alleged manner of making it—nor could I see what resemblance there could be between the apparatus requisite to produce illuminating gas, and the apparatus that was shown to us.

I am confident that *oil gas* was burning at one time, and *free hydrogen at another*, and that the spirits of turpentine could have been *dispensed with altogether* without in any way affecting the results of the experiments made.

All the effects *might easily* have been produced by connecting the pipes with vessels concealed in the cellar. An oil gas apparatus requires but little room, and pipes and valves *can be so arranged*, that *at the will of the operator* either hydrogen, which gives no light, or illuminating gas, (whichever may be desired,) may be conveyed to the burners.

New Mode of Warfare.—A correspondent of the Havana *Diario de la Marina* gives an account of the manner in which the authorities at Sagua la Grand had determined to repel Gen. Lopez and his army, had they reached that place. It appears that in the town are twelve hundred beehives. These were to be placed on the road, and at the approach of the invading hosts, the hives were to be overturned, and the bees sallying forth would attack the advancing foe, and by their merciless stings would effectually deprive him of the power of resistance. It was calculated that in this manner five thousand Americans could be put to flight; while the cunning Spaniards would look on and enjoy the sport. The correspondent says the invaders little knew the preparations that had been made for them. We are decidedly of that opinion ourselves.

The Nashville Convention.—Mr. A. O. P. Nicholson, a prominent member of the late Nashville Convention, and the gentleman to whom General Cass addressed his celebrated letter on the Wilmot Proviso, has come out in a very long article, occupying over five columns in the Nashville Union, in which he reviews with much severity the Address adopted by the members of the Convention. Mr. Nicholson voted for the Address in Convention as many others did, for the sake of unanimity, with a mental reservation against its sentiments. He is willing to take the Compromise plan of the Committee of Thirteen, with some modifications. He is in favor of the doctrine of Congressional non-intervention in relation to slavery, and adds that "on that doctrine the Compromise reported to the Senate by the Committee of Thirteen was founded."

Something Wrong in the Tides.—If we may believe a writer in the New Bedford Mercury, there is either something wrong in the tides about Polynesian Islands, or the received theory of the rise and fall of the waters of the sea needs mending. Captain Luckley, of the barque Harvest, lately returned from a whaling voyage, states, and fortifies his statements with the affidavits of individuals who have lived for the last twenty years at the Society Islands, "that the time of high water takes place between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock, without any variation, unless caused by the winds. The different phases of the moon have no effect whatever in changing the time of high water. At the full and change the tides are from six to eight inches higher; the full rise being about two feet."

Prof. Agassiz on the Human Race.—The Christian Examiner contains an article from Prof. Agassiz, on the origin of the human race, in which he contends that the Biblical account of the Creation relates to the white race alone; and that the different races of men which now exist in different portions of the globe, were not made to differ as they now do merely by the influence of climate and other external circumstances, but were originally as they now appear in the different localities in which they are now found; or in other words, that there were in the beginning at least, as many distinct creations of men and women as there are distinct races of men in the world.

Carnivorous.—In the town of Penfield, New York, a few days since, a woman left her child in the house alone, sleeping in the cradle, while she went for a pail of water. When she returned, she discovered, to her horror, that a sow had entered the house and taken the babe in its mouth and carried it to some distance. She immediately ran to the rescue of her child, but it was not until she had beaten the pail to pieces over the ferocious animal's head, and afterwards wounded it severely with an axe, that it released the infant, and even then the sow attempted to secure its prey again. The child was considerably injured, but is likely to recover.

A Maniac from the Griffith.—A short time since a man was caught up in the street and taken to jail a raving maniac. He was of fine appearance, intelligent look, and the remnants of his clothes not torn off, showed that he had seen better days. It was ascertained that he was one of the survivors of the wreck, and had lost a wife and six children—which calamity had destroyed his reason. His name is Battsford. How he got ashore, or where he has been since the wreck, no one knows. He is now in the Poor-House, and an object of the deepest sympathy.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Goethe's Papers.—Goethe's papers, which were lately opened at Weimar, by the Government, for the first time since the decease of the poet, were left by him as a legacy in the year 1827, to the Goethe and Schiller families, with directions that they should not be opened until the year 1850. At the opening, all of the descendants of the two great poets were present. The box contained the complete correspondence between Schiller and Goethe, which will be published in full.

Tobacco Planting in New York.—According to a statement in the Syracuse Star, Robert Fleming and Peter R. Reed have purchased a fifty acre lot three miles North-West of Syracuse, and are planting the whole of it with tobacco, employing some twenty men. They have also several other fields in different parts of the same county, from all of which their crops will be heavy. For several years past they have been very successful in growing tobacco at Manlius.

A Worthy Example.—The Governor of South Carolina has been exercising his pardoning prerogative in a laudable way, having in every instance but one, among six offenders who were sentenced to *whipping*, charged or commuted the punishment. Flogging men is growing disgraceful, even in prison. The only place that it is officially sanctioned is in the United States Navy.

Killed by Lightning.—During a thunder storm in Washington, Muskingum County, Ohio, on the 27th ult., the house of Mr. Reasner was struck by lightning, in which three women were at work. One was stirring the fire with an iron poker, and was uninjured; the electric fluid passed by her, and killed the other two, who were at some distance from the chimney.

Mail Robbery.—William Cutcheon, Thomas Boyd and Francis Shaw, have been convicted at Springfield, Illinois, of various mail robberies.—Ten years in the Penitentiary is the lowest penalty.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 264—adults 71, and children 193.

The Webster Case Again.—Another hearing has been given the friends of Professor Webster—the final hearing has been postponed until the 18th.

A petition was presented for clemency, signed by 900 persons of New York City—two from Franklin County, New York, and two from Michigan.

The Lieutenant Governor stated that a large number of petitions for a commutation of the unhappy man's sentence received from all parts of the country—one from Mr. Green, a juryman in the case, and two or three others from persons who said they themselves committed the murder, and not Professor Webster.

Several medical men were present, and showed that a blow on the head, such as that which Professor Webster said he gave Dr. Parkman, often caused death in a short time.

Dr. Jeffries Wyman was introduced to show that Dr. Parkman's skull was a little thinner than the average of persons.

A petition was presented by Professor Brown, signed by President Sparks, and nearly all the Professors of Harvard College, praying for a commutation of sentence, not on the ground of his late confession—he, as they say, having forfeited all claim to be believed—but on the great probability that exists that the act was not premeditated.

Mr. Edwin Jarvis cited two instances to prove the ungovernable temper of Professor Webster, and how soon it was over. In one case, Dr. Webster, when a student, commenced the play of knocking off hats with a fellow student, in which Webster got rather the worse of it. Finally, Webster got enraged, seized a stick, and would have given his companion a deadly blow had he not been prevented. The next moment it was all over with him, and he did not evince the least resentment whatever.

At another time, while in London, Professor Webster was being shaved, when Dr. Lathford playfully remarked, "Did you ever see a barber shave a monkey?"

Mr. Webster was much enraged at this, and seized a knife, and would have struck Dr. L. had he not been prevented.

It strikes us that a man so given to such unreasonable freaks of sudden passion, would not be too good for premeditated crime.

Information Wanted.—A young man, by the name of John S. McConnell, the only son of Mr. David McConnell, of Winchester, Scott County, Ill., aged about twenty-two years, went to California, overland, in the Spring of 1849. His health failed *en route*, and was bad at every advice from him after he arrived in California. This last Spring he started for home, via the Isthmus, in company with a gentleman said to reside in New York, or somewhere in the Eastern States; was seen at the Isthmus on the 26th of April last, in a very feeble condition; and our informant said that he believed he was coming home by the way of New York. His attendant was then with him. Since then he has not been heard from. About the 12th of June, inst., several letters from divers persons in California came to their friends in this place, per mail, endorsed on the wrappers, "By John S. McConnell," and mailed at Worcester, Mass., about the 30th of May. No letter, however, either from Mr. McConnell, or from the gentleman who accompanied him, was received, and his aged and worthy parents are left under the circumstances in a state of painful suspense. Any information from the gentleman who came home with him, or from any other source, as to his fate or whereabouts, directed to Mr. David McConnell, Winchester, Scott County, Ill., will be most gratefully received by his

AFFLICTED PARENTS.

N. B.—The papers generally are respectfully requested to copy the above.

A Slaver.—The editor of the Norfolk Daily Despatch recently paid a visit to the slave brig Excellent, now lying at that port. He says that "the space between her decks, in which it was calculated that some two hundred and fifty slaves could be placed, is only about four feet high, where they would be compelled to remain in a sitting posture. Immediately under this water-casks were closely stowed, from which they were to be supplied by means of long tin tubes, or suckers."

Kossuth.—The New York Tribune learns from Count Dembinski, that Kossuth intends coming to America, as soon as he is permitted to leave Turkey; and that forty of the one hundred Polish refugees who lately arrived at Southampton are now on their way here—the others obtained employment in England.

Miscellaneous.

BEWARE OF ADVERTISING

Scene—Counting Room of the Journal. Enter a Customer, who addresses the Clerk in a state of excitement.

Customer—Do you recollect, sir, that I ordered my advertisement into your paper about a week ago?

Clerk—Yes, sir, very well.

Customer—(emphatically)—With directions to have it inserted three times only!

Clerk—Well, sir, your directions were complied with. If you examine the file before you, you will find it inserted "three times inside," according to order.

Customer—(much excited)—I know that. It was inserted three times, and if you had stopped it then, all would have been well; but it was continued, contrary to my orders, every day to the present time!

Clerk—Ah, indeed! (inspecting the file.) You are right, sir. It was continued through a mistake in the printing office; but (soothingly) there is no harm done. You need not get in a passion. Of course we will charge for only three insertions.

Customer—(savagely)—But I will get in a passion, sir, if I like. I don't mind the charge—it is not of that I complain, but great harm has been done. The culpable neglect of your printer has been the cause of a degree of annoyance and vexation that may cost me my life. Ever since the advertisement appeared, my store has been crowded with customers, and (in a loud voice) they are increasing every day—so that I have had to double the number of my clerks and do more than double duty myself. I have no time in the evenings to take a comfortable meal—and I am so fatigued with my work through the day and evenings, that I cannot get a wink o' sleep nights; and (raising his voice) I am determined to stand it no longer. If you don't take that advertisement out of the Journal forthwith, I shall go crazy, or I shall have to summon the police to keep out the crowd—and you shall pay the doctor and toot the bills!—(*Exit, in a rage.*)—*Boston Journal.*

A FRAGMENT OF HISTORY

It may be a matter of interest to some of our readers, to recall the fact that Indiana voted for President and Vice President of the United States before the act was passed which admitted her a member of the Union. Our younger friends have no personal knowledge of the circumstances, whilst it has doubtless escaped the recollection of most of our older ones. It was at the Presidential election of 1816, and a majority of the votes of the people of Indiana went for James Monroe, for President, and Daniel D. Tompkins, for Vice President. In the month of December following this election, Congress passed an act admitting Indiana as a State. Subsequently, in the month of February, the electoral vote thus prematurely cast, was allowed to be counted. The ground upon which this permission was asked and granted, was that a previous act had passed Congress allowing Indiana to form a State Government, provided that the Constitution adopted by her citizens should be Republican—that it should not be in violation of the ordinance of July 13, 1787—and, also, that such Constitution should be submitted to Congress. This was done—the Constitution was approved, and then followed the admission of Indiana as a State. Party excitement was not high at the time. Had it been, and could the electoral vote of Indiana have turned the scale, the case might have been different.—*Norristown Register.*

☞ A Farewell Dance.—The Mormons, being about to depart from Kanesville, where they have been sojourning, for the city of Salt Lake, their High Council issued an order permitting each branch of the Church to have a farewell ball.

☞ Father Mathew arrived at Little Rock, Ark., on the 16th ult., in impaired health. He was to leave in a few days for the Sulphur Springs at Searcy, or the Hot Springs of Arkansas. On his return he was to resume his temperance labors in Little Rock.

☞ Professor Fiske, the Psychologist, who was arrested in Vicksburg, Miss., on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences, was, after a hearing before Judge Tompkins, discharged.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Phila., July 8.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,300 head. Beeves are selling from $6.00 to 7.75 per 100 pounds. Hogs—There were 900 head in the market, and sold from $5.00 to 5.25 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 200 in market and sold from $16 to 40. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $3 to 4, the latter from $1 to 3.

New York, July 8.—Offered, 1,800 Beeves, (all Southern,) 75 Cows and Calves, and 6,000 Sheep and Lambs. Prices, etc.—Beef Cattle have been very dull of sale, owing mainly to the warm weather of the past week. Prices are a fraction easier. Sales of good retailing qualities were made during the week at from $6 to 7.50 per cwt., as in quality. A lot of 100 head were driven to Boston. Left over, about 200. Cows and Calves have been in fair demand. All in the market were taken at prices ranging, as in quality, from $20 to 45, which is lower. Sheep and Lambs—The supplies come in freely, but the demand is brisk enough to take all that are offered. Sales of Sheep at from $2 to 6.50, and Lambs $1.50 to 4. All sold. Hay—Loose is selling at from 62½ to 90c from the wagons. Supply abundant.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JULY 8.

In Cotton the sales are 1,000 bales, and the market without change. Holders generally are firm. The sales of the week 9,200.

Fish—The market rules dull for Mackerel at $9.50a9.62½ for No. 1 Massachusetts and $7.50 for No. 2. There are no Cod afloat, and the last sales were at $2.50a2.62½.

In Coffee there is a continued dullness, and prices rather favor the buyer. Rio is quoted 9a10½, Java 11a11½, and St. Domingo 8¼a9.

Sugars—There is no marked change in the rates, and the business doing is very limited.

Rice—Holders remain firm, and good samples continue scarce. During the week the sales have been 300 casks at 3a3½.

The market for Molasses is dull, though in quotations there is no variation. New Orleans is 25a30c; Cuba Muscovado 22a24, and Porto Rico 28a31 cts., 4 mos.

Ashes—Quotations are $5.81a5.87 for Pots, and $6 for Pearls, with sales 30 bbls.

There is a pretty good demand for Flour for filling contracts, and prices for some grades are 6¼c better. The sales are 5,000 bbls at $5.06a5.25 for common and straight State, $5.31a5.69 for Michigan mixed to choice, and $5.14a5.18 for pure Genesee. Included in the sales were 2,000 bbls Canada at $5.

In Southern there is more movement, but in quotations there is no change; sales of 1,500 bbls at $5.44a5.94 for mixed to straight brands.

Rye Flour is in good demand, with sales of 800 to 1,000 bbls mostly at $2.94. In Meal the sales are 150 bbls Jersey at $2.94.

Grain—There is nothing doing in Wheat, and quotations remain unchanged. Rye is held firm, and the supply is moderate. The sales are 1,000 bushels at 61c, in slip. For Corn the market is firmer, and the sales are 30,000 bushels at 58a59c for heated, and 60a61c for mixed, the latter price for nearly yellow. Oats are firmer, and quoted 48a49c for Northern and 45a46c for Jersey.

Iron—Sales 100 tons No. 1 pig at $19.50 from vessel.

Feathers—A sale of 1,200 lbs Western was made at 35c.

Naval Stores—Transactions include 300 barrels Newbern Rosin at $1.20a1.22.

Whiskey—Sales 100 bbls Ohio and Prison at 25c; drudge is held at 24a25c.

Provisions—The market is dull for Pork, and the sales do not exceed 500 bbls at $9.62a10.62. About one half was sour Prime at private bargain. Some parcels of interior country Mess Beef sold at $8.00. In Cut Meats there were sales 400 hhds common pickled Hams at 5¾ cts. Lard rules dull and heavy, sales 100 bbls and tcs at 6¼c.

ALMANAC.

July, 1850.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
13 Saturday,	4 41	7 19	5 47	
14 Sunday,	4 42	7 18	6 37	
15 Monday,	4 43	7 17	7 25	
16 Tuesday,	4 43	7 17	8 12	
17 Wednesday,	4 44	7 16	9 9	Last 2 12 51
18 Thursday,	4 45	7 15	9 46	New 9 9 26
19 Friday,	4 46	7 14	10 34	First 16 1 40
20 Saturday,	4 47	7 14	11 22	Full 24 12 22

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
June	30,	79	87	88
July	1,	79	89	94
	2,	81	91	86
	3,	74	74	81
	4,	75	83	90
	5,	81	90	89
	6,	82	90	93

Marriages.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Joshua Ousley, to Miss Sarah P. Winslow, both of Spring Garden.

On the 3d inst. by the same, Mr. David Jones, to Miss Margaret Wright, both of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the same, Mr. Thomas Pate, to Miss Sarah Forman, both of Spring Garden.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Wm. H. Odenheimer, Louis Wistar, of Lower Merion, Montgomery county, to Elizabeth Emlen, daughter of the late Dr. J. Randolph, of this city.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. John Street, Mr. J. R. Pitman, of Philadelphia, to Miss Kate Buckaloo, of Mauricetown, Cumberland county, N. J.

On the 4th inst. by the same, Mr. John Eayale, of Atlantic county, N. J., to Miss Sarah Ann, daughter of the late Elias Ransman, Esq. of Philadelphia.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Alex. Macklin, Mr. Patrick Gibson, to Miss Ellen Rowan, all of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. W. Bishop, Mr. William Marker, to Miss Julia F. Beauchamp, both of Southwark.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. A. D. Gillette, Mr. Thomas Barnhurst, to Miss Elizabeth C. Weaver, both of Spring Garden.

On the 3d inst. at the Spring Garden Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. Dr. J. McDowell, George W. Garrett, to Miss Mary W. Otto, all of Spring Garden.

On the 2d instant, by Ald. Robert Gaw, Charles Richardson, to Ann Christy.

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. H. A. Boardman, Joseph H. Ashbridge, of New Orleans, to Sidney E. daughter of the late Rev. Geo. W. Ashbridge, of this city.

On the 11th ult. by the Rev. J. Thos. Ward, Mr. John Sailor, to Mrs. Matilda Knowles, both of Spring Garden.

At Bedington, Berkley county, Va. on the 25th ult. by the Rev. J. Thomas Ward, of Philadelphia, Mr. George A. Shephard, of Moorfield, Va. to Miss Elizabeth M. Light, daughter of J. F. Light, Esq. of Bedington.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. P. F. Mayer, George W. Gross, to Clementine C. Ginder, daughter of Wm. Ginder, all of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. John C. Garner, to Miss Margaret Carroll.

On the 20th ult. at the residence of J. Pusy Smith, near Lewisville, Pa. by the Rev. C. H. Plummer, Mr. Robert K. Strickland, of Cecil county, Md. to Miss Eliza J. Smith, of East Nottingham township, Chester county, Pa.

On the 2d ult. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. Joseph O. Gilmore, to Miss Hannah C. Marple, both of Spring Garden.

On the 1st inst. by Ald. S. H. Simmons, Jacques Granger, to Mary Bernard, both of France.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. John Coleman, Mr. L. B. Myers, to Miss Elizabeth H. Hammitt, both of this city.

Deaths.

On the 8th inst. Jane Allen, aged 40 years.

On the 7th inst. Arthur Quinn, aged 75 years.

On the 7th inst. Mary, daughter of Patrick and Ann Sherrard, aged 16 months.

On the 8th inst. Daniel Stingel, aged 28 years.

On the 8th inst. William G. Probasco, aged 41.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. Letitia, wife of George H. Mosley, Sr. aged 49 years.

On the 5th inst. Henry Volkmar, Sr. aged 79.

On the 4th inst. John G. son of John C. and Rosina Engelman, aged 3 years.

On the 4th inst. Horace J. son of Robert E. and Sarah A. Matheys, aged 19 months.

On the 5th inst. Horatio C. son of Horatio C. and Jane F. Howard, aged 3 years.

At Cape May, on the 4th inst. George E. son of J. T. Furness, of this city, aged 15 months.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Lyster, aged 24.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. Susannah McGranaghan, aged 54 years.

On the 3d inst. Henry Snyder, aged 74 years.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. Sarah Eaton, aged 33.

On the 2d inst. Mrs. Catharine Heller, aged 65.

On the 3d inst. Geo. W. Jackson, Sr. aged 68.

On the 3d inst. Sophia Schnell, aged 29 years.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. Sarah Stevens, aged 77.

On the 2d inst. Mr. Edward Baxter, aged 71.

On the 3d inst. Mr. John Murphy, aged 46.

On the 3d inst. Matilda Catharine, daughter of Reuben Elizabeth Carter, aged 6 months.

On the 3d inst. William, son of Wm. and Grizelia B. Terry, aged 2 years and 10 months.

On the 3d inst. Ida Malissa, daughter of Hampton W. and Sarah B. Evans, aged 4 months.

On the 3d inst. Catharine Miller, aged 48.

On the 3d inst. Joseph, son of James and Jane Rainey, aged 21 months.

On the 3d inst. John Simpson, aged 43 years.

On the 3d inst. Mary, wife of J. O. Johnson, aged 28 years.

On the 3d inst. Eugenia Elizabeth, daughter of Saml. and Martha Smith, aged 2 years and 6 months.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. Mary A. McKenney, daughter of Peter and Catharine Rafferty, aged 21 years.

On the 1st inst. Johannes Ter Horven, aged 63.

On the 2d inst. Margaret, wife of W. Fenimore, aged 19 years.

On the 2d inst. Thomas E. son of Thomas E. and Elizabeth N. Baxter.

On the 1st inst. Charles H. son of C. H. and Anne Cummings, aged 14 months.

On the 29th ult. James Ashmead.

On the 1st inst. William Duffer, Sr. aged 70.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. Anne A. Gravelle, aged 40.

On the 1st inst. Daniel Ryan, aged 47 years.

On the 30th ult. John Sewry, of Kent county, Del. aged 34 years.

On the 30th ult. Jacob Rodgers, aged 12 years.

On the 1st inst. Anna Elizabeth, daughter of John S. and Elizabeth C. Scaggs, aged 7 months.

On the 2d inst. Mary A. Cowan, aged 5 months.

On the 1st and 2d inst. William S. and Sarah E. Sexton, infant twins of William and Mary Sexton, aged 7 months and 13 days.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS,
No. 26 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, July 13, 1850.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks	par
U S bank notes	13 dis
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	½ dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	½ dis
Washington	½ dis
Erie	½ dis
Susquehanna co'nty	failed
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bk	no sale
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	par
Wyoming	½ dis
Middletown	par
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Danville	par
Relief notes	1a1½ dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, Mt Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	closed
State bk at Morris	failed
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Perth Amboy	¼ dis
N Hope, Del Bridge	failed
Yard Del Br'ge co	10 dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
Del City Bk under 5's	½ dis
Other small	½ dis
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	1½ dis
Cecil Bank	½ dis
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis
Far & Millers bk	no sale
DIST OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	par a ¼ dis
Atlas bank	5a30 dis
Country banks	½ dis
MAINE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	½ dis

VERMONT	
Bank of St Albans	½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA	
Montreal	4 dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk of Va & branches	1 dis
Far Bk & branches	1 dis
Valley Bk & branch	1 dis
Ex Bk & branches	1 dis
Wheeling	1 dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
So West R R	1 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
GEORGIA	
Bk of St Mary's	1½ dis
Central bk of Mill	1½ dis
Georgia R R Co	1½ dis
Ruckersville bkg co	—
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ALABAMA	
Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
FLORIDA	
So Life & Trust Co	—
OHIO	
Bk of Wooster	50 dis
Com bk of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY	
All solvent bks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA	
State bank	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois	50 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	2½ dis
MICHIGAN	
Bk of St Clair	no sale
Far's & Mech's	3 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners Bank	—

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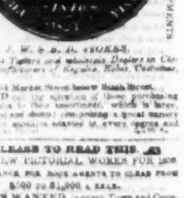

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Selected Poetry.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

A REQUIEM BY THE SEA.

BY HELEN IRVING.

I hear the sea-waves dashing
And roaring on the shore,
But a voice is in their chorus
That I never heard before;
A voice whose sound hath power to fill
My listening soul with dread—
A voice that moans unceasingly,
A wail above my dead.

Moans of a summer midnight
Beneath a foreign sky,
Born in the hush of mourning winds,
Who heard a last, low sigh—
And a noble soul—a soul I loved,
Took flight for the starlit heaven,
And a noble form—a form I loved,
To the starlit deep was given.

Cold is the sea, but colder yet
Is the brow that its waters lave,
And the tide is still as the breast that heaves
To the rock of the restless wave.
The bloom is gone from his glowing cheek,
And the love from his pleasant eye,
And none there heed on his pallid lips
The smile that could never die.

Oh, I pine, beloved, to hear once more
Thy cheerful loving tone,
And I pine to feel thy living heart
Beat once against mine own!
I pine for all thy brother-love,
The noble, fond and true—
And my part is *misery* for the rest
That in thy heart is know

Ah! "nevermore and nevermore"
I hear the sea-waves moan,
And evermore, oh, evermore,
My heart repeats the tone—
And sorrow's surges rise and fall,
And ebb to flow again,
And each returning billow sounds
Anew the wild refrain.

Oh, Thou, who wept at Bethany,
And in that anguished hour,
Draw near to heal the broken heart
With Thy celestial power;
Above the moaning waves of we
Let one hot lint is vain,
To hear Thy voice of love divine,
Say "He shall rise again!"

Choice Extracts.

SPICE-ISLANDS.

[PASSED IN THE SEA OF READING.]

FROM GRIMLEY'S "HINTS TOWARDS REFORMS."

Love Gluttons are Mad.—"An excessive and diseased appetite is commonly created in excellent childhood, which is never fully conquered. Does its healthy instincts revolt against bandages which are stifling out its life, or an atmosphere which, through stagnation and exhausting respiration, has become noxious and insupportable, its crime are hushed with needless food. Whatever its ailing or source of disquietude, even though it be repletion or oppression, the universal elixir is more food. * * * * The sad result too commonly is that the child arrives at the knowledge of good and evil—if it be so fortunate or unfortunate as to survive the severe probation of infancy at all—completely depraved in all its instincts—a ready made sensualist—a miniature glutton."

Children Taught to Deceive.—"With all its perceptions fresh and wonderful, the child early learns that human speech and action have two uses—the first indeed to express or convey ideas and emotions; but the second, hardly less common, to conceal them. Of what a perpetual comedy is the little drama of the cradle too often become—but by no means unobservant spectator! The loud and angry altercation hushed into blandness on the appearance of a stranger; the vinegar aspect exchanged for one of 'wreathed smiles,' but perchance the slander playing on the lips in his absence now turned into flattery and compliment in his presence! * * * The yawn of indifference chased by the smile of courtesy; the spruced appearance of robe or room; the hollow show of wealth and luxury with which pride and poverty, ill-assorted, yet frequently inseparable pair, contrive to reconcile the semblance of their fortunes to the reality of their desires—these, and a thousand like incidents, are constantly reaching the infant mind that has neither sense that it is entering is not single but double—a world of things and a world of shows; and that the latter holds the higher place in the estimation of the multitude."

Vanity or Knowledge.—"You need not fear, my friends, that the advantages of a thorough education, nor of a thoroughly educated class, will be undervalued in our day, and especially by so weary marchers and combatants along the parched highways, beneath the fervid sun of active life, who have been able but to scoop, as it were, here and there a handful from the grateful, invigorating waters of knowledge, as they danced and bubbled across our too eager, heading course. Oh, not from our ever panting ranks will we arise the cry that solid and symmetric learning a boon to be rejected or lightly prized! The small coins of knowledge which we awkwardly handle and dispense are constantly reminding us of the priceless nuggets of golden treasure which for us lie buried in the far recesses of halls like these, from which a grim fate has forever debarred us. Limited as may have been our opportunities, it is not to us a sealed book that the Present is only to be rightly read and interpreted in the full light reflected by the Past."

"There is, there must be a pre-eminently educated class among us. I do not merely admit the notorious fact; I perceive the vital necessity."

Knee or Education.—"The great ends of all study, of all acquirement, are ability and disposition to discharge more effectually our duties as men and as citizens. * * * He who is not a better brother, neighbor, friend, and citizen, because of his superior knowledge, may very well doubt whether his knowledge is really superior to the ignorance of the unlettered many around him."

Advice to Literary Aspirants.—"I say, then, in deep earnestness, to every youth who hopes or desires to become useful to his race, or in any degree eminent through Literature, seek first of all things a position of pecuniary independence; learn to live by the labor of your hands, the sweat of your face as a necessary step toward the career you contemplate. If you can earn but three shillings a day by rugged yet moderate toil, learn to live contentedly on two shillings, and be preserve your mental faculties fresh and unworn to read, to observe, to think, thus preparing yourself for the ultimate path you have chosen. At length, when a mind crowded with discovered or elaborated truth would have utterance, begin to write musingly and tersely for the nearest suitable periodical—no matter how humble and obscure—if the thought is in you, it will find its way to those who need it. Bend not compensation for this utterance until compensation shall seek you—then accept it, if an object, and not involving too great sacrifice of independence and disregard of more immediate duties. In this way alone can something like the proper dignity of the literary character be restored and maintained. But while every man who either is, or believes himself capable of enlightening others, appears only anxious to sell his faculty at the earliest moment, and for the largest price. I cannot hope that the public will be induced to regard very profoundly either the lesson or the teacher."

Importance of School Knowledge.—"The youth who learns himself educated because he has fully mastered ever so many branches of mere school-learning, is laboring under a deplorable and pernicious delusion. He may have learned all that the schools, seminaries, and even our musical universities, necessarily teach, and still be a pitiably ignorant man, unable to earn a week's subsistence to resist the promptings of a perverted appetite, or to shield himself from such common results of physical depravity, as dyspepsia, hypocondria, and nervous derangement. A master of Greek and Hebrew who knows not how to grow potatoes, and can be tempted to drown his reason in the intoxicating bowl, is far more imperfectly educated than many an unlettered backwoodsman."

Necessity of Symmetrical Education.—"Joe Dobbs, the stable boy of eighteen hundred and thirty, becomes the Western horse-dealer of thirty-six, and very like the South American Canary Colonel of eighteen hundred and forty, thence branching off into mounting a steamer on the Paraguay, or working gold mines in the Cordilleras, unless he happens to have a taste for politics, and so undertakes a job of Constitution-making, or accept the post of Foreign Secretary of State. On the other hand, a rabob's son, who does not quite graduate at Yale, owing to some trifling irregularities, is perfectly successful in doing so at wine parties, gaming saloons, and ultimately at Sing-Sing. No man's destiny, hardly his vocation can be predicted with anything like certainty; and the only safe plan of education is that which shall prepare him for usefulness and independence in every imaginable contingency."

Extreme Poverty Unfavorable to Virtue.—"To the child daily sent out from richerly housed or miserable garret to wrestle with poverty and misery for such knowledge as th' teacher can impart, what true idea or purpose of education is possible? How can he be made to realize that his daily tasks concern the soul, the world, and immortality? He may have drilled into his ears, day after day, the great truth that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment; but so long as his own food and raiment are scanty and precarious, his mind will be engrossed by a round of petty and sordid cares. * * * * * The child whose little all hitherto of life has been passed in penury and consequent suffering—who lives in the constant presence, on the very brink of want—how can he have a higher idea of life than that it is a struggle for bread, or of education than that it is a contrivance for getting bread more easily and more abundantly, or else a useless addition to his toils and cares? He whose energies have been, must be, taxed to keep starvation at bay, can hardly realize that life has truer ends than the avoidance of pain and the satisfaction of hunger."

THE MUMMY MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

The Springfield Republican has been furnished by an antiquarian friend, with the following singular and interesting explanation of the way in which the mummy recently untolded at Boston, got into the "wrong box:"

The announcement of the sex of Mr. Gliddon's mummy, immediately called to my mind a story which I read some years since, in an old Egyptian manuscript, a work half of medicine and half of romance. To this I referred upon opportunity, and my surprise you can well imagine, when I found myself reading of the very Princess whose body Mr. Gliddon supposed he possessed. The name was the same, and the whole history explained. I send you an imperfect copy of the translation:

Rite-Tapouki was an officer of middling rank in the service of the temple at Thebes—in the discharge of his sacred duties he had occasion daily to visit the abode of the High Priest his Superior. Got-Thoth-I had one daughter, and she was taller than all the maidens of Thebes. Her feet and hands were large, even for one of her proportions; her nose was a real pug, and her complexion sallow. Who would have deemed it possible that she could disturb the peace of any young man's hours? But her graces of mind far outweighed the defects in her personal beauty. She played upon the Cistrum as only Isis could; and not Osiris could surpass the justice and wisdom of her opinions. Rite-Thpenki, who at first joined his brother priests in the laugh at her homeliness, did not long remain insensible to the mental charms which she displayed, and Anch Phis, delighted at seeing in her lover an appreciation of her talents, and independence enough to brave the jeers of his high-minded associates, fully reciprocated the affection she had kindled. Foolish pair! They little knew the temper of the haughty Got-Thoth I, and that he never would consent to their union. Rite-Tapouki had scarcely declared his passion to the father of his beloved, than he was overwhelmed with a torrent of contemp, and forbidden to enter the palace or speak again to his mistress on pain of death.

The next morning, as Anch Phis, whose duty it was to fan the chaste and bull of the sacred Ibis, descended to the palace yard for the purpose, the bird ran to her with his wented haste, and raising his left wing, disclosed a note pinned to one of its feathers. She seized and read—

"Bulbul! when the Dog Star rises, meet me by the mystic Lotus. Rite-Thpouki."

They met—one embrace—a few hurried words and Anch Phis, receiving a small powder in her hand, departs, leaving her to meditate his plans.

In less than twenty-four hours from this meeting, the most distinguished physicians in Thebes might have been seen wending their way, with anxious faces, to the palace of Got-Thoth-I.—And why anxious? Alas! Anch Phis, the delight of their eyes—the life of the many festive entertainments her father had given them, in token of his esteem for the profession,—Anch Phis was going to die. A sudden illness was fast, though gently, stealing away her life.—"Had she been young and handsome," said Gir Bred Pil, the most successful and wealthy practitioner of Thebes, "I should think she was dying of disappointment in matters of love." Imagine the horror of Got-Thoth-I! He had killed his only child! His iron heart relented. "Perhaps it is not yet too late." A last smile illumined the face of his daughter. A messenger fleet as the wind was sent to the temple for Rite-Tapouki. He comes, but it is too late.—She grasped his hand and ceased to breathe.

And now, with a voice scarcely audible from well-disembled grief—the seven hours of watching having expired—Rite-Thpouki begs that the body of his love may be sent to his cell, that he may embalm it—a last act of devotion. This request is granted. But may, when his cell door is shut, and he is left alone with his mistress's lifeless form, and the half-wrapped mummies which surround them—why does his eye gleam with wild, yet tender delight? He can hardly command his joy. He would fain, in his cell with rapid strides. And see! he has taken that mummy of a common soldier and placed it by his lady's side. "Just her length!" he almost shouts, but restrains himself, "how fortunate! And new red Alabaster, which ever and anon he has gazed at with straining eyes, shines through the narrow window over his head.—"The hour has come," he says, and fixes his eyes upon the face he adores. "Can it be? Yes, Osiris, it is true!" A faint sigh, a shudder—she opens her eyes. A gesture from her lover restrains an exclamation she is on the point of making—she comes to herself, and returns his ardent embrace. Of course, the intelligent reader understands the nature of the powder given under the mystic Lotus. "We have played boldly and won!" says Rite-Thpouki. A blush from his love expresses her unspeakable happiness.

Our story is soon told. Anch Phis remained in the cell of her lover until seventy days, the time required for embalming, had expired. The body of the soldier was returned to Got-Thoth-I as that of his daughter. Rite-Thpouki performed the decomposable inter at the funeral to admiration, and a few days after, when there occurred a night of uncommon darkness, he and his beloved entered a boat, and floating down the Nile, landed on a small island, where they spent the remainder of their days in peace and happiness.

NOTABLES IN PARIS.

A correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce gives the following pleasant sketches—few of which we copy:

Gerrit Smith.—Chance brought near each other, at a window, yesterday, Madame George Sand and myself. This was personally known to me some years ago. Her mein, though expressive, is rather haggard. Time's impressions are visible. If, when her shadow falls over the grave, and she knows herself to be on the brink, she should have any sense of moral responsibility beyond, how different this woman's feelings and anticipations from those of a Baillie, or an Edgeworth.

Manuel Gonor.—Within not many weeks past, we used to meet on the Boulevards the Spanish Prince of Peace—the once famous or infamous Godoy, to whom—it is mentioned in the journals—the Government at Madrid has restored a considerable part of his large confiscated estates, and who, probably, has returned to enjoy a golden setting sun. He must be at least eighty years of age; his present appearance indicates how handsome a lad-guard he must have been.

Louis Menzies.—On Sunday last I was struck with the equipage of Louis Menzies, formerly mistress and courtesan in this Capital; the mistress of the King of Bavaria, who created her Countess; and, now, the wife—though another husband be living—of a young Englishman, supposed to be opulent. Our journals harnessed four horses to her sumptuous chariot; it was drawn by two only when it passed the corner at which I stood; two footmen in rich livery were mounted behind. The person with her, inside, I presumed to be her English partner,—but, certainly—for life; the complacency of his ruddy face was more distinguished than its spirituality. The woman had the old bold masculine aspect, with evident wear and tear from time and adventure.

Thea Celestaires.—Within a few months, the severe and variable weather has moved down many aged Frenchmen of renown. Quatremere de Quincy, who was in the first rank of archeology and æsthetics, died at the age of ninety-five; Count Molines, the famous diplomatist—often a minister—at eighty-seven; Baron Meneval, so long the private, confidential, all-trusted Private Secretary of Napoleon, between seventy and eighty; Count Berenger, one of the Emperor's Councillors and Peers, conspicuous for the independence of his spirit, as well as his administrative qualifications, was four-score and upwards. The obsequies of these personages were grand ceremonials. President Napoleon sent his carriages and orderly officers to honour the remains of the old servants of his uncle. That class might be thought to have found an elixir of life, in their devotion to the Emperor or his memory. A number of them survive, like Marmal Soult, wonders of comfortable longevity.

Wit and Humor.

THE USES OF MACHINERY.

On a pile of planks, at the foot of Walnut Street, sat two gentlemen in an elegant dishabille, adapted to the season, consisting of nothing but shirts and pantaloons, and these exceedingly well ventilated. The shirt of one appeared to have been washed about the time that the pantaloons of the other had been made—but the precise date of either circumstance might be a question for the antiquaries. Their names, as we learned from the conversation, were John and Jake.

John.—They've been pumping out that culvert with the steam-engine for six months, and the water runs just as free as ever. When are they going to get it done?

Jake.—Never; and I'm not sorry for it neither, for this steam-engine fixture is one of the nicest things about Philadelphia. I slept on that board there, with my back right against the biler every night last winter—and it was about as snug a berth as a fellow could resent in.

John.—But how does it work in Summer?"

Jake.—Why you see, I just perch myself there on that t'other board where the water pours out, and the stream runs over my legs all the time I'm asleep, and keeps me cool and comfortable. It's delicious, I tell you!

John.—I don't know what you may think, Jake—but seems to me that steam-engines is a luminiferous idea. They was invented at the right sick of time, when every body begin to think that hands wasn't made to work with. People hates work more and more every day; nobody wants to work now—and if it wasn't for steam apparatus we couldn't get one-half of the work done, no how.

John.—[*After a reflective pause.*]—Every thing is going to be done by engines after awhile; see if it don't.

Jake—I wish somebody would invent one as would smash them little geniusses as is a gnawing at my back—I do. Why can't there be some kind of patent, labor-saving, skyentific contrivance to scratch a fellow all over, without putting him to the trouble of raking himself with his finger-nails, or rubbing his back against a pump, or the corner of a house? It might jest as easy be done as cotton-spinning, or newspaper-printing; or any of them t'other steam impertinces as ain't of much use to no body.

Just as *Jake* was concentrating the powers of his intellect, to account for the want of such an invention as a patent Scratching Machine, a surly workman kicked over the plank on which the two friends were seated, tumbled both of them into a pile of wet sand, and effectually put an end to the conversation.—*Pennsylvanian.*

THE PRINCE OF MAGICIANS.

It is related of Signor Blitz, that wishing one day, while in Pennsylvania, to procure a draft on New York, for a certain amount, he stepped into one of the country banks in that State, and made known his wishes to the proper officer, who, by-the-way, was a stiff staid old Quaker. Being informed that he could be accommodated, he was asked—

"In whose name shall I draw the draft?"

"In my own, Signor Blitz," was the answer.

"Art thou the wonderful man who is performing all these mysterious things?" asked the Quaker.

"The same," answered the Signor.

"And now, friend, will thee show me one of thy tricks?" interrogated the Quaker.

"With pleasure," said the magician, and taking a quarter of a dollar from his pocket, he made it disappear in the officer and requested him to mark it so that he would be able to distinguish it. This the Quaker did.

"And now," said the Signor, taking a glove from his pocket and placing it over the quarter, which was still upon the counter, "are you sure that the quarter is under the glove?"

"Quite sure," answered the Quaker, gently lifting the glove, and beholding the quarter snugly ensconced under it.

"Sure, quite sure, eh?" asked the Signor.

"Yes, friend, I see it with mine own eyes," answered the other.

"Lift the glove," said the magician.

The Quaker did so, and to his consternation the quarter was gone.

"Friend," said the Quaker, "will thee do that once more?"

Again the Signor placed the quarter in the same position, and motioning the Signor to stand by, the Quaker placed his eyes down upon a level with the counter, and then making a sudden dive at the glove, he lifted it and—the quarter was gone.

"Jonathan," said the Quaker, drawing a long breath, "place that money—" referring to the amount of the intended bank draft—"in thy safe, and lock it up, and put the key in thy pocket."

"Well," said the Signor, who is always fond of a joke, "now I will give you a proposition. If I can, standing where I am, draw that money into my pocket, I am to keep it; if I cannot, I will surrender the draft, and both draft and money is yours."

"Go thy way, friend, thou shouldst not do such things," said the Quaker, politely bowing the Signor to the door.

The Sailor and the Actress.—"When I was a poor girl," said the Duchess of St. Albans, "I worked very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform a new piece, something like those pretty little affecting dramas they get up now at our minor theatres; and in my character I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman presents the old heroine for a debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies: 'Then I have no hope; I have not a friend in the world.' 'What! will no one bail you to save you from prison?' asks the stern creditor. 'I have told you I have no friend on earth,' was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he handed clear over the orchestra and footlights and placed himself beside me in a moment. 'Yes, you shall have one friend, at least, my poor young woman,' said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, unburnt countenance; 'I will go bail for you in any amount.' And as for you,' (turning to the frightened actor,) 'if you don't bear a hand and shift your mourings, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I come athwart your bows.' Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was perfectly indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmates in the gallery, preparatory scrapings of violins from the orchestra; and, amidst the universal din, there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, 'the poor, distressed young woman,' and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me, by the manager pretending to arrest and coerce me, with a proclamation of theatrical back notes."

Wonderful Development of Intellect.—"You see, grandma," said a hot-bed specimen of premature precocity, "that when I suck this egg, or more properly speaking, when I extract the nutritative matter by a sudden and peculiar action of the muscles of the throat, I first make an incision in the apex, and then a corresponding aperture in the base."

"I am alive! why, heaven things do change!" exclaimed the old lady in such surprise that her old spectacles dropped off at the flashing of her almost lightning eyes; "when I'm a gal, all we done was to make a hole in each end and damn it weet. My stars! this 'yer child hand got long to him, I know, certin."

National Mistake.—A Yankee tin pedlar, having lost his wagon, on a stable noted for the reception of horses as lean as Pharaoh's cows, walked from stem to stern, and discovered the bones on the horse's hips projecting like so many small spinals.

"Mr. Lazeland," said he, "do you make horses here?"

"Make horses here!" said the surly Dutchman, "what do you mean?"

"Why, I thought as how you had jist been setting up the frames."

An Educated Drummer.—"I want to get some alum," said a friend of ours, to a Rowery druggist, the other day, "to stop a cancer in my mouth—please to dissolve it in water." The man mixed something in a tumbler that looked more like wool than alum-water. "Is this alum?" asked our friend. "Alum—no; I thought you asked for salum; that's slippery-elum!"

Dramatic.—The following is an extract from a forth-coming drama:

"You are from—"
"You."
"And are going to—"
"You."
"And you had a father and a mother—"
"I did."
"And you had a sister—"
"I did."
"And that sister's name was—"
"It was."
"And your name is—"
"The same as my father's."
"I knew it. Rush to my arms! Again I clasp my long lost brother! Again I do! Again—again—again! Ha! ha! ha!" [Faints, falls on the stage, rolls over and shoots a pistol at the prompter.]

☞ "Sir," said a hypochondriacal patient, while describing his symptoms to Abernethy, "I feel a terrible pain in my side, when I put up my hand to my head."

"Then, sir," exclaimed the mild physician, "why the dence do you put your hand to your head?"

Selected Articles.

THE FLOWER THAT LOOKS UPWARD.

A group of young and light-hearted girls sat together in the twilight, busily arranging the flowers they had been gathering in the pleasant woods and fields. "What beautiful things flowers are!" said one. "And what pleasant amusement it would be, now that we are all sitting here so quietly, if each were to choose what flower she would rather be like." "Just as if there could be any choice," exclaimed Laura Bennett, a little proudly, and holding up a moss-rose as she spoke. "Among all the flowers that grow, there is none to vie in beauty with the rose. Let me be the queen of flowers or none." "For my part," observed her sister Helen, "I should like to resemble the luxurious *shadow-dress*, so beautifully described in *our* book of flowers. When any one is pursing shakes it roughly, it scatters, as we are told, a shower of honey-dew from its roseate cups, and immediately begins to fill its chalices anew with transparent ambrosia, teaching us to shower sweetness even upon the hands that disturb us, and to fill again with pure honey drops the chalices of our inward thoughts. Oh! who would not wish to be meek and forgiving, like the rhododendron, if they could? But it is very difficult," added Helen. "It is indeed," said Lucy Neville, gently, "if we trust only to our own strength." "And who is there to help us?" said Helen. "It is only when my heart looks up to the Lord, for a contrite and humble spirit, that I have the slightest control over myself." "What a pity it is," said Lucy, simply, "that we cannot always remember that the eye of our Heavenly Father is upon us!" "I wish I could," replied Helen. "I have heard my mother say," observed Lucy, "that praying is better than wishing." "Now, Clara," interrupted Laura Bennett, turning immediately toward a fair girlish looking girl by her side, "we are waiting for you." Clara slowly and unwillingly raised her pale convolvulus, or bind weed, winding so carelessly in and out among the bushes, and flinging over them a graceful covering, an emblem of meek beauty and loving tenderness. "The only pity is," said she, "that it should so soon wind up and fade." "But what says our dear Lucy?" exclaimed Helen. "I think that I can guess," said Clara Seymour, "either a violet or heart's ease—am I right?" "Not quite," replied Lucy, with a deep blush, "although both the flowers that you have mentioned are great favorites of mine. But I should like to resemble the daisy most, because it is always *looking upwards*." "Do tell me," said Helen, as they walked home together, carrying the flowers which they had entered to adorn their several dwellings; do tell me why you wished, just now, to be always looking upward like the daisy." "Oh, Helen, can you ask? What more do we require for happiness, than to be able, let the cloud be ever so dark, to look upward with the eye of faith, and say, it is the Lord's will, and, therefore, it is best?" "Do you always think thus?" asked Helen. "Alas, no!" replied poor Lucy, while the tears fell fast; "but I'm trying and praying to God to teach me."

GORGEY AND KOSSUTH.

General Klapka's Memoirs of the War in Hungary have been published. The author was one of the most prominent and active actors in the successful struggle; and his opinions of the men engaged in it, and the causes of its failure, are therefore entitled to notice and respect. He regards the raising of the siege of Komorn as the turning point in the campaign. He speaks of Kossuth and Gorgey as the two great spirits of the war—the one a civilian, the other a soldier. The Athenian condenses his views concerning them very successfully. Kossuth, according to him, was a man of great imagination, of great heart and fervid patriotism, at once an enthusiast and a statesman, gifted with "a mysterious power" over "the hearts of his countrymen;" possibly, however, of too melancholy and spiritual a temperament for the stormy times, and decidedly a civilian, so that notwithstanding his "marvellous influence to rouse and bring into action the hidden energies of the masses," he could not "give them a military organization, or lead them to great victories." Gorgey, on the other hand, was a soldier, believing only in battalions, and capable of using them well, but wanting enthusiasm, without great principle, without even patriotism, taciturn and suspicious, chafing against authority, and aiming throughout chiefly at his own ends in the struggle, wanting that breadth of intellect or strength of courage that might have made his selfishness splendid in its achievement. Had Kossuth had the military training of Gorgey, or had Gorgey had the heart and Kossuth's ardent, or, finally, had there been a perfect co-operation between the two men and the parties which they represented, Hungary might have been saved. Nay, so far as Kossuth was concerned, was there any obstacle to such co-operation. His disinterestedness, as it led him at last to resign all into the hands of Gorgey, would have led him to do so, had it been necessary at first. Put Bernstein and the other generals, who were his bitterest foes, disliked Gorgey; never had full trust in him, and even accused him from the first of treachery. Gorgey is alive and rich; the earth covers the dead bodies of many of his former comrades; pierced by the bullet or stricken by the ignominious rope, others live exiles in various lands. Of these last is Kossuth. There is something striking in the unanimity with which all testimonies combine as to the nobility of that man. Every Gorgey, his foe, once wrote to General Klapka.—"Kossuth alone is a classical and generous character. It is a pity he is not a soldier." General Klapka's own book is an involuntary commentary on this one text.—"Oh, that Kossuth had been a soldier."

THE LADY'S HORSE.

The March number of Mr. Skinner's "Plough, Loom and Anvil" contains an instructive article on that noble animal, the Horse, from which we make the following extract, for the benefit of our lady readers:

The lady's horse is, after all, the most difficult to obtain, because he ought to approach very near to perfection. His paces, mouth and temper should each be proportioned to the power and capability of his rider; and he should be trained again and again, day after day or night, which otherwise might cause him to run away. This description of horse should likewise be well-bred, as in that case his action will be easier, and his appearance and carriage more in character with the graceful and elegant appearance of his rider. His pace should be the easiest; the trot causes an ungraceful movement in the person of a woman, to enable her to rise to it; and if she does not rise to it, she is much shaken in her seat. Neither is the form of the side-saddle fitted for the trot; and the rantoo of a well-bitted horse is more safe, because his launches are more under him in that pace than they can be in the trot. A good, bold walk, however, with the head in proper place, is essential to a horse that has to carry a woman; and his action should be very true, that is, he should not "dish," or throw his legs outward, as the term is, in any of his paces, or he will cover the lower extremity of his rider with mud when the roads are wet and dirty. To provide against the latter inconvenience, however, all horses intended for this purpose should not be much under fifteen hands and a half in height, which size corresponds with the lengthened drapery of a lady's riding costume. As a protective against accidents, ladies' horses, however well broken and bitted, should not be too highly fed; and, if at all above themselves, should be ridden by a careful servant, with good use of his hands, before ladies mount them. It is, however, an acknowledged fact, that horses go more quietly under women than they do under men, which is accounted for by the lightness of their hand, and the backward position of the body in the saddle. We have, in fact, known several instances of horses being very hard pullers with men, standing up in their stirrups, and, consequently, inclining their bodies forward, but going perfectly temperate and at their ease under women.

ANOTHER SHINGLE WHITTLING.

Good morning, Uncle John. Take a seat here on this store-box, and take a part of my shingle, and let us have a little chat.

Uncle John.—Well, Joseph, I don't care to take part of thy seat, but then may have all thy shingle, if thee'll allow me to make up in talk what I lack in whittling.

Joseph.—Certainly, uncle, for I have often wondered how it was, or in what consisted the great secret of your success, for I have noticed that everything you undertook prospered.

Uncle John.—I come to town this morning to meet a man to do up some business, and it is half an hour till the time set; so I will begin by saying that my success as a farmer, is attributed to a certain course of business, which I find much easier to practice upon, than to communicate to others. About the first thing I learned when I began the world, was to "time it." To always go a little ahead of time with everything. When I go to town, or mill, or meeting, or elsewhere, I find it no further—no harder to get there, at this morning, "a little too soon," than to always be dragging up the rear. And when I undertake to plant, or sow a certain number of acres, or do any other job of work, that it takes no more furrows, nor no more labor to do it in the right time, than it does to be "a little too late." And further, that it takes no more to say to pay a debt exactly when it's due or a little before, and no more trouble than to "wait a little." I have known men that never thought of going to mill till the four-barrel was *clean out*. And when they did go, instead of being up betimes and off, they would daily till somebody else would be in before them, so that they must wait or go another day; and when by accident they plant out a fruit tree, it will be put off till so late as to be in danger of dying. Their wheat crop is not put in till so late as to fall short nearly the rent. Their fences are not repaired till the crop is damaged by unruly stock, and debts are seldom paid till there is "a figuring of interest," and sometimes *of costs*. The truth is, they are behind in everything—or rather "*too late*"—too late to bed—too late to rise—too late to sow—crop and plant—and too late generally in discovering that they will certainly come out at the little end of the horn.

Joseph.—But uncle, have you not known men that seemed to be punctual in meeting their debts, and appeared to time it, as you call it, and yet they didn't prosper as you do?

Uncle John.—To be sure I have, and think I can account for it quite easily. In my outset in the world I determined to be a *free man*—to be *independent*. This I came at in two ways: I either made my means come to my wishes, or else forced my wishes to accommodate themselves to my means. And thus I believe I was as perfectly independent and easy when I used to work out at fifty cents a day, as I am now. My income then was truly small, but my outgoes were *smaller*. I always did think the farmer the last man to be a *dependent*. But I know some that are always in a "*stew*." They keep their liabilities ahead of their means. I don't say they are dishonest or lazy, but they are what some call "hard up." If they buy a piece of land, or a farm, they are for getting the place all able. And generally, before one long pull is ended, they are hitched in to some other larger undertaking. They set their stakes and form their plans to liberate themselves from thralldom, and have some idea that their outgoes are worth thousands, and are as dependent as slaves. They place themselves in the harness, and are driven by necessity—dependent on markets—capital and men of all grades, even to the laborer.

Joseph.—I would like to know of you, uncle, how you bought that fine farm of yours and paid for it without going in debt? for you seem to condemn the credit system. I thought you began that way.

Uncle John.—So I did. I earned the first dollar at rail-making, and was a renter for several years. Meanwhile I lived rude, and had all I needed, and was a happy man. It was not many years before I had several hundred dollars on interest—had become acquainted with business—and more than all, I had established a character, so that I could have bought property to ten times my real worth. I don't condemn the credit system at all—I only condemn the *abuse* of it. I believe it would be hard to find anything in connection with the business of farming, which, if they can only get a *credit*. I could have contracted for a large farm quite easily, but I chose a small one, that would allow me time and means to improve and enjoy life. My first purchase was a hundred acres, and paid for in annual payments. I need not tell thee money-making is an easy thing.

Joseph.—Now you are coming at it, uncle; I want to hear about making money easy, but this is just the thing I have been anxious to get at.

Uncle John.—I shall not detail my history from the time I bought my first one hundred acres of land until now, but would just remark, that I have made money every year since I began business. And in looking over my books the other day I noticed but little difference in the years—not much difference whether there was a full crop, or a half crop—nor much difference whether there was a high market or a low one. My land is not particularly adapted to any soil or crop, but will produce corn, wheat, rye, oats, potatoes and grass, which enables me to keep up such a rotation, as will distribute my work through the whole year, and thereby avoid those periodical hurries so common in this section of country in gathering large harvests. My business is to raise grain and stock, and not to buy of either except in rare cases. When I have a surplus of either I can spare a fair price for it, whenever well because I am *forced*—and always well when an article is scarce. I make no speculations on selling at the highest notch or on buying bargains. With so many things to my bow, I have never realized anything like a failure yet.

Joseph.—I see nothing very new in all you have said, Uncle John. Nor do I see how such a course could bring you in money very fast or easy—but should think you could do better to go into stock raising altogether.

Uncle John.—I am satisfied there is a possibility of my changing my business for the better—but were I to make any change in my mode of farming, there is a great probability that it would be for the worse. I would rather not be a farmer at all than always be in a fever for something new—this year it's hogs, hogs, next year wheat, or sheep, or something else. How I have pulled poor William ——. A few years ago he put all his stock into sheep. He fancied with them awhile, and finally sold out at a sacrifice, and set to raising grain. Horses, ploughs and gears were purchased, and all at high figures.—Hands were hired, and his fine grass lands turned up for corn—and some of his land not at all suited for that crop. While the crop was growing, W. thought as there was a great outcry for stock hogs, and prices high, that there certainly would be a fair profit in feeding all his corn to hogs. Happen in when thee would, it was hogs; hogs at breakfast, dinner, supper, and all the time. Those hogs were fattened, and the price of pork coming down a little, W. set out and bought up what made a large drove, and put out for the East. The next thing we heard of W. was that he had put saved himself, though he lost his corn. I suspect it is true, for when he came home he sold off everything that rooted—even the old pet sow, and I've not heard him say "hog" since. Wheat next came up, and the whole farm must be sown in wheat. This was done at much expense in purchasing seed, and the loss of several horses by the careless treatment of hands. The great rust blight put an end to that speculation, and poor W. found himself, after several years of hard toil, several hundred dollars worse off than if he had been asleep.

Joseph.—That was a rare case, and perhaps not so much attributable to mismanagement, as a succession of misfortune.

Uncle John.—True, and the best way to avoid such disturbances at "sea" is to keep on to land. Always let well enough alone. And I have thought that when a man was satisfied that the occupation he followed was honorable, and whenever that occupation was not injurious to his health, and at the same time gave a moderate surplus over expenditures such as were needful, that that was *well enough*. I have much more to say, but as the hour has come to attend to other matters, I'll bid thee good-bye.

Rose County, Ohio, June 3. SPECTATOR.

Sufficiency for Children.—The effect of stimulants in predisposing the body to epidemic disease and pestilence is now universally admitted among medical practitioners. A curious illustration is here given. When cholera visited Manchester, the nurses in the hospital were allowed to go home after working six hours. They took the disease and died of it in such numbers, that fears were entertained of the failure of the supply. "It was found that they were much given to alcoholic potations, (with the idea, probably, of increasing their power of resisting the malady,) during their leisure hours; and they were therefore confined to the hospital, and debarred from obtaining more than a small supply of alcoholic drink; *after which not a single fresh case occurred amongst them.*" At the visitation of the cholera to London, in 1848, it was found, in the establishments where numbers of men were employed, that the victims were chiefly the men addicted to drink.—*Chambers's Edinburg Magazine.*

For Housekeepers.

To Use Cold Pudding.—If you have a large piece of boiled pudding left after dinner, (such as plum pudding, Indian pudding, or batter pudding,) and you wish to cook it next day, tie it up in a cloth, and put it into a pot of boiling water, and keep it boiling hard for half an hour or more. It will be found as good as on the first day, and much better than if it will be kept in water. It is better at all times always be in a fever for something new—this year it's hogs, hogs, next year wheat, or sheep, or something else. How I have pulled poor William ——. A few years ago he put all his stock into sheep. He fancied with them awhile, and finally sold out at a sacrifice, and set to raising grain. Horses, ploughs and gears were purchased, and all at high figures.—Hands were hired, and his fine grass lands turned up for corn—and some of his land not at all suited for that crop. While the crop was growing, W. thought as there was a great outcry for stock hogs, and prices high, that there certainly would be a fair profit in feeding all his corn to hogs. Happen in when thee would, it was hogs; hogs at breakfast, dinner, supper, and all the time. Those hogs were fattened, and the price of pork coming down a little, W. set out and bought up what made a large drove, and put out for the East. The next thing we heard of W. was that he had put saved himself, though he lost his corn. I suspect it is true, for when he came home he sold off everything that rooted—even the old pet sow, and I've not heard him say "hog" since. Wheat next came up, and the whole farm must be sown in wheat. This was done at much expense in purchasing seed, and the loss of several horses by the careless treatment of hands. The great rust blight put an end to that speculation, and poor W. found himself, after several years of hard toil, several hundred dollars worse off than if he had been asleep.

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